MILITARISM IN EDUCATION NUMBER

THE NEW STUDENT

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Our Dean-Natured Morality

By PHYLLIS BLANCHETTE

Unmasking Mars

By GEORGE JARRBOE

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Sugar-Coated Militarism

By TUCKER P. SMITH

Research in the Universities

By A. B. WOLFE

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The New Student does not necessarily endorse all the articles appearing under the signature of an author and accepts responsibility for editorial opinions only.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1929.

(Signed) GEORGE L. J. ALBERT,
(My commission expires March 30, 1930).

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The Intercollegiate World

War Against Conscription

ONCE more the debate on whether or not Ohio State University shall maintain a conscript student army has begun. A newly organized Optional Drill League opened fire on compulsory training at its first meeting several weeks ago. In February, 1926, the students voted ten to seven against compulsory training, but the faculty vetoed the student wishes.

Donald Timerman, former army chaplain and member of Scabbard and Blade, a student military fraternity, addressed the meeting, saying, in part:

"When the United States Senate has ratified the Paris peace pact, outlawing war, and has solemnly vowed to settle international disputes without the use of arms, it is then perfectly inconsistent and ridiculous to compel education for war-making."

THE commissioning of nineteen students at the University of Oregon as officers in the R.O.T.C. gives *The Emerald* an opportunity to moralize on the iniquity of compulsory training. The boys have been given trim uniforms and shining sabers, says *The Emerald*, and they are thereby initiated into a dangerous and undemocratic college autocracy.

"The uniforms are handsome and lend an air of dignity to the wearers; there is no doubt about it. There is something of the glorious, too, in being a leader of men, as are these young cadets, in wearing a saber and in gracefully flourishing it, allowing it to catch the reflection of the sun.

"It is a beautiful picture, but unfortunately it is not complete. For every one of the upperclassmen cadet officers attired in the trim uniform and polished riding boots there are ten mutinous and extremely unwilling freshmen clad in heavy and altogether inartistic O.D. khaki coats and trousers that are wanting the polished boots and the shining sabers. The humiliation of 500 underclassmen is necessary for the glorification of 19 upper-class cadets.

"And what else is it but humiliation? All but a comparative few of the students entering the University of Oregon are enrolled in the R. O. T. C. because it is a scholastic requirement which cannot be avoided without considerable difficulty. On the drill field back of the R. O. T. C. barracks the freshmen and sophomores are instructed in the basic fundamentals of warfare by a few army officers and a group of upperclassmen with an exaggerated sense of their own importance.

"A cadet must always salute when addressing his superior officers, he must always prefix an address to his superior officer with the word 'Sir.' He must at all times hold himself at strict attention and must not talk in ranks. These are among the fundamental principles of military courtesy which are taught the young cadets of the R. O. T. C. and which are, in theory at least, observed.

"Is it any wonder that the freshmen and sophomores enrolled in the R. O. T. C. chafe under the rules? What is the difference, anyway, between them and the commissioned officers? The officer wears a trim uniform, carries a shiny saber, gets a monthly pay check, and is endowed with an over-developed sense of leadership (or arrogance), and that is about all. The same philosophy which makes a freshman in the university inferior to the sophomore, also endows the underclass cadet in the R. O. T. C. with a sense of respect and obedience toward the upperclassman with a commission. Only the latter is approved by more competent authorities.

"This is the military system. It is based on the principles of autocracy, and has no place in a supposedly democratic institution such as the University of Oregon, or in a supposedly democratic country such as the United States."

Suppression in Pittsburgh

WHEN the University of Pittsburgh set out several years ago to build a ten-million-dollar skyscraper university fifty-two stories high the announced aim was to make the smoky city a city of "achievement just as great in education as in manufacturing." But when Chancellor Bowman's lieutenants suppressed the student Liberal Club the other day they showed pretty conclusively that the University will be just another achievement in manufacturing—with rigidy standardized robots as the product.

On Monday, April 22, this University refused to allow the assembled Liberal Club hear Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes speak in a college building on the Mooney-Billings case.

On Wednesday Mr. William Albertson, president of the Club, received an order from the Acting Dean of Men disbanding the club as a University activity. The students were defiant. They issued the following manifesto:

"We, the members of the Liberal Club of the University of Pittsburgh, recognize that there is more involved in the recent action of the university authorities in announcing that the club is dissolved than the mere existence of an undergraduate club.

"The whole range of academic freedom is concerned, a matter of vital importance to the entire future usefulness of our university and institutions of learning as a whole.

"We have based our past program and shall base our future conduct on the following statement of policy:

"We consider a university campus as the fittest of all places for a free discussion of any ideas, theories or practices that are current anywhere in the world."

On Friday they met at Alumni Hall

GROWTH OF THE RESERVE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS

	Enrollment		Senior		Junior		Officers		Officers and Enlisted Men		Civil Educa. Institutions	
1912	(1a)	29,979	*		*		(1)	87	*		*	
1913	(1)	31,028	*		*		(1)	86	*		*	
1914	(1)	33,424	*		*		(1)	86	*		*	
1915	(1)	32,313	*		*		(1)	94	*		*	
1916	(1)	35,091	*		*		(1)	95	*		*	
1917	(2b)	42,000	*		*		*		*		*	
1918	*		*		*		(1)	113	*		(1)	119
1919	(2)	90,000	*		*		(2)	635	(2)	1234	(2)	319
1920	(1)	88,375	(1)	43,958	(1)	44,777	(1)	388	(1)	1402	(1)	224
1921	(1)	90,811	(1)	44,253	(1)	46,558	(1)	586	(1)	2227	(1)	233
1922	(2)	88,967	(1)	51,743	(1)	37,225	(1)	855	(1)	2060	*	
1923	(2)	92,851	(2)	55,505	(2)	37,346	(2)	926	(2)	1936	*	
1924	(2)	103,894	(2)	63,570	(2)	40,324	(2)	929	(2)	1976	*	
1925	(2)	111,588	(2)	69,368	(2)	42,190	(2)	935	(2)	1889	(3c)	225
1926	(2)	106,778	(2)	68,553	(2)	38,225	(2)	863	(2)	1809	(2)	223
1927	(2)	108,957	(2)	70,809	(2)	38,148	(2)	878	(2)	1772	(2)	228
1928	(3)	124,833	(3)	84,742	(3)	40,091	(1)	880	(1)	1821	(1)	225

(1) Report of Adj. General of the Army to the Secretary of War. Except where otherwise designated, Reports are in official documents for year specified in margin.

(1a) Report of Adj. Gen'l, 1915.

(2) Report of Secretary of War to the President. Except where otherwise designated, Reports are in official documents for year specified in margin.

(2b) Report Secretary of War, 1923.

(3) Hearings on War Department Appropriation Bill 1929, 70th Congress.

(3c) Hearings on War Department Appropriation Bill 1928, 69th Congress.

*Not recorded or not authenticated.

NOTE 1. R. O. T. C. is the Federally-aided War-Department Course in Military Training. The statistics here given do not include the institutions listed under Section 55c of the National Defense Act, nor those in which Military Training is given without Federal aid.

(Compiled by the Committee of Militarism in Education, 387 Bible House, New York City.)

and, in the presence of sympathizing non-members, newspaper reporters and others they defiantly called their meeting to order. Barely twenty minutes afterwards a University official called a halt to the meeting. The following colloquy took place according to *The Pittsburgh Press*:

"'This has been an official meeting,' William Albertson, president of the club, told the students.

"William Daufenbach, assistant to the dean of men, conveyed the orders of the university administration to Albertson.

"'I have been told that if this is any kind of a meeting, it will have to disband,' Albertson told the more than 50 students gathered in the room.

"'Are we going to disband?'

"'No,' came the answer from several students.

"Daufenbach again ordered Albertson to disperse the meeting.

"'Come on, Albertson. How about it?' came a commanding voice from outside the door, which students said was that of A. H. Armbruster, dean of men.

"'I am not going to ask you to disband,' Albertson said firmly to the students.

"'You get out,' the voice from the hall commanded Albertson.

"A motion for adjournment was then taken."

There the matter rests at the present time. That further developments will ensue before long is certain.

The Pitt Weekly is aligned with the administration, but the Club has staunch support in *The Pittsburgh Press*, a member of the militantly liberal Scripps chain of papers which has invaded the feudal domain of the huge manufacturing and mining interests.

The Liberal Club incident released a perfect flood of instances of brazen suppressions of opinion of faculty members, which, if authenticated, reveal a rotting foundation of intellectual integrity under the skyscraper-university. It is said that a professor who wanted to stump for Alfred E. Smith in the recent campaign was given to understand that silence would be the wiser course. A professor who wanted to deliver a radio speech on the work of the Pennsylvania Tax Commission, at a time when the University was seeking appropriations from the legislature, was forced to speak on "Abraham Lincoln" instead. Another was obliged to call off negotiations for writing a series of articles on the coal strike.

Most notorious of all was the case of Professors Frederick E. Woltman and William L. Nunn who wrote an article criticizing the coal police system and had it published in the *American Mercury*. Professor Woltman was told that Governor John S. Fisher was annoyed by the article and that a committee from the University was rushed to the State Capitol to mollify the outraged executive. Here is Professor Woltman's account of his interview with J. Steele Gow, executive secretary of the University:

"Gow called me in and began by saying that Nunn and I had caused the university a very great amount of embarrassment. He proceeded to tell me that shortly after the *Mercury* appeared, he and the Chancellor received telephone calls from preachers and members of the board of trustees, protesting vigorously. He himself had received four such calls before the Chancellor brought the matter to his attention.

"He said that the trustees met to consider the matter and insisted that the university issue a statement praising the institutions which we had criticized. This, he stated was, of course, not the thing for a university to do.

"So the administration had to show the trustees that the university did not back the sentiments expressed in the article, but rather that they came from individual persons on the faculty. In addition he stated that 'we' had to make a hurried trip to Harrisburg to placate the governor, who had become quite angry over the article, so as not to lose the state appropriation."

Chancellor Bowman has maintained a strict silence during the whole controversy.

Aside from supplying another instance of the precarious state of academic freedom in our colleges this incident shows how hopeless it is to expect our universities to champion social justice.

Mooney and Billings have spent ten years in jail for a crime which even the judge who sentenced them believes them guiltless of. But that does not matter. The powerful moneyed interests of the country frown upon any questioning of a sentence passed in the heat of an anti-radical system, just as they did in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. And when these interests manifest their opinion the little yes-men who only seem to dominate our educational system move as puppets pulled by strings.

C. I. E. Convention

FROM the office of the National Student Federation of America comes the announcement that the eleventh national annual congress of the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants will be held in Budapest, Hungary, this summer. About thirty six nations are members of this organization through their student unions. The National Student Federation is a member of this International Confederation of Students and will therefore be represented at the Budapest Congress.

Last summer the Tenth Congress of the C. I. E. was held in Paris; this summer Hungary will be hosts to the Congress and in the program for the discussions and assemblies of the Congress it is including ample time for excursions to sites of interest near Budapest. These excursions will visit Mezokovesd, famous for its ethnographical points of interest, to Debrecan, a university town, and the nearby plain called the Hortobagy, and to the Lake Balaton and some of the international baths.

The Committee on International Relations and Travel of the C. I. E. is holding an international student camp near Lake Balaton for ten days simultaneously with the Congress. This camp will be for the enjoyment of students from all over the world and will include in its program of games, yachting, hiking, etc., informal discussion-teas on international student interests.

Chapel

Was ever known
The witless shepherd who persists to drive
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
A weight must surely hang on days begun
And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit
Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
At home in pious service, to your bells
Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeples of our English Church,
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,
Suffers for this.

Wordsworth.

THE problem of forcible drinking at the pool of religion continues to annoy both shepherds and their flocks, just as it did in Wordsworth's day. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin recently de-

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ciared himself in favor of a return to compulsory chapel at Yale. Three years ago chapel was made optional, with disastrous effect on attendance; and Dr. Coffin does not believe that in administering chapel to a meager handful of the faithful the University is discharging the obligation imposed in the charter of propagating the Christian religion.

At Wooster College, a staid denominational school in Ohio, *The Gadfly* has been saying that chapel exists only as a social center, where students meet to make dates, to gossip, to exchange letters and to joke about the faculty. *The Voice*, official student publication, defends chapel as one of the foundation stones of the system of compulsion in education. Take that away, *The Voice* argues, and the whole edifice will totter.

To which *Gadfly* will probably reply: What of it?

At Lehigh the *Brown and White* asks for the abolition of compulsory chapel—a period of "conversation, thumb-twiddling, or occasional study."

The Bradley Tech of Bradley College, Illinois, in a spirited article joins the refrain. It asks: "Why do students have to listen to a lecture which the majority of faculty members deem unworthy of their attendance?"

Model Leagues

THREE model student leagues of nations met in April, one in California, one in Ohio and another in Massachusetts. In each case a group of neighboring colleges were represented The colleges acting as hosts to the leagues were: University of California at Los Angeles, Cincinnati University and Mount Holyoke.

Smoke

SEVERAL years ago the agitation in favor of smoking for college women was confined to the eastern tier of states, as anyone glancing through the files of this magazine for that period will discover. But now the new standards for women are being hotly discussed in all parts of the country—from the Rocky Mountain region to the hills of West Virginia.

Reverberations of the new attitude toward smoking are to be heard in the fulmination against feminine use of the "filthy weed" at West Virginia University, by the Fairmount branch of the W.C.T.U. Undaunted by this, the women of the University are resuming their fight to obtain smoking rooms where, in the words of the student newspaper, "they can indulge in the practice without resorting to the present undesirable method of smoking in downtown restaurants."

A Strange Bequest

FIFTY years hence a student at the University of North Carolina will open a hermetically sealed tin box in the University Library and take out a Montgomery Ward catalogue of 1915 and compare the prices of articles listed therein with those of the 1965 edition, if the company still exists. He will then write a thesis on the changes represented by the comparisons, place it in the tin box with the two catalogues and seal it up again. Another student will repeat the procedure in 2015.

These are the strange provisions of a bequest to the North Carolina Historical Society by the late Dr. Kemp Plummer Battle, president of the University for fifteen years. Dr. Battle's numerous grandchildren have consented to see to it that the students writing the theses will be paid fifty dollars apiece for their labor.

The Press Bureau

MANY colleges are injuring their press relations with the public by attempting to suppress unfavorable news stories, said Mr. R. W. Madry, director of the News Bureau of the University of North Carolina, in an address before the Association of College News Bureaus, at Vanderbilt University.

"In fact real news can't be suppressed," Mr. Madry added. "Real news will out, regardless of attempts of college officials toward suppression. True, it may be suppressed temporarily, as frequently it is, but the fact remains that a good story that is fit to print is going to get into print sooner or later.

"And once newspapers learn that an institution is trying to suppress a story, the chances are nine out of ten that they will give that particular story a much bigger play than they would have had it been given to the papers when it first broke."

Against Prohibition

SOME doubt is cast upon the claim of a prominent dry leader several weeks ago that the colleges are predominantly in favor of prohibition, by the *Stanford Daily's* recent straw vote. Student articles, a host of letters-to-the-editor and much undergraduate discussion prepared the way for the ballot. A majority of the 820 students who cast their ballots do not believe that prohibition has been a success; and while they favor retention of the Amendment they would repeal the Volstead Act — believing, presumably, in some form of modification.

While the students of Mr. Hoover's alma mater voted against prohibition, the senior class at Columbia College, New York — the heart of the "nullification" district — voted 88 to 38 in favor of it

No Commercialization

THE CORNELL SUN rejoices that the alumni committee investigating the football situation has folded its typewritten reports and silently stolen away without making any recommendations for the lowering of scholarship standards to attract football players. *The Sun* boasts that

"In the last eight years of cut-throat gridiron competition, Cornell has stood firmly by her belief that every form of athletics, football included, should be kept properly subordinated to the scholarly interests and fundamental purposes of the university. No athletic scholarships have been awarded; no university concessions have been made to athletes."

Senior Fellowships

FOLLOWING the lead of St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., Dartmouth College has established five Senior Fellowships, to take effect next fall.

Five Juniors, especially qualified for the privileges, will be given their tuitions for the senior year, and the freedom of the college. In the words of the trustees' announcement:

"During the tenure of his Fellowship, the Fellow shall be given complete freedom to pursue the intellectual life at Dartmouth College in whatever manner and direction he himself may choose. He shall not be required to attend classes, though he shall have the privilege of attending any; he shall not be required to take any examinations; and he shall not be required to pay any tuition fees to the college. At the end of the year of his Fellowship, the Fellow shall be given his degree. . . ."

Concerning the Senior Fellowships at St. John's, Dr. Raymond Pearl, a trustee of that college, has said:

"There is much to be said for the intrinsic virtues of freedom as a developer of intellectual powers. The prize fellowships of Trinity College, Cambridge, have a comprehensive intellectual and personal freedom as perhaps their chief element. Does anyone question that this element has been of prime importance in producing the extraordinary record that the Trinity prize fellowship plan has achieved? If he does I suggest that he talk with any of the distinguished British men of science who have held these fellowships in the past

"The senior fellowships simply push the Trinity plan back one year into undergraduate life. It seems likely, though it is a point which must be determined by experience, that the effect of the senior fellowships will not be confined to the holders. They will serve as a constant reminder to every undergraduate and every member of the faculty that the College regards the free and untrammeled pursuit of the intellectual life as the highest good, an ideal which has somehow been mislaid or forgotten in many American institutions of learning. They will also suggest to the undergraduate that the College is

ready and willing to regard him as a responsible human being and not as a child. Finally, to the student of outstanding ability they hold out the prospect of recognition, encouragement and reward of almost inestimable value, which may, and probably will, profoundly influence the course of his whole life."

Fired!

ACADEMIC freedom was dealt a knockout blow at the University of Missouri on April 7, when the Board of Curators unanimously upheld its executive committee in dismissing from the University Professors Max Meyer and Harmon O. De Graffe, and O. H. Mowrer, student assistant in psychology. Because they had countenanced the circulation of a questionnaire which asked some rather intimate questions on sex attitudes, in Professor DeGraffe's class on "The Family," these three men were thrown out of the University. The Board of Curators softened the sentence in the case of Professor Meyer, twenty-five years on the University faculty and a distinguished student of psychology, to that of suspension for one year.

The statement of the Board of Curators reads, in part, as follows:

"Whatever else a university may be, it must be a place to which parents may send their children with full confidence that the surrounding moral atmosphere will be sane and wholesome. Fortunately, that is now the case at the University of Missouri. . . .

"It is clear that the promiscuous circulation of a questionnaire, which by every tenet of sound sense and common decency should have been suppressed, was in no sense a reflection of any morbid or unsatisfactory condition affecting the whole student body.

"It is the opinion of the executive board that students should not be made subjects of investigation by other students, particularly when such investigation by its very nature tends to create the conditions which it is alleged to correct.

"Neither can we find any justification for any inquiry that, from its very nature, could not produce any scientifically valid conclusions. . . ."

President Stratton D. Brooks had taken action against the three men after a questionnaire signed by more than two hundred Columbia citizens petitioning their dismissal had been presented him. If President Brooks acted to prevent a widespread student discussion on questions of sex as dealt with in the questionnaire, then he was not very successful, for the questionnaire was peddled about the campus at a fancy price by students in need of money for spring vacation. Newspapers throughout the country carried accounts of the case.

The questionnaire had been sent to one thousand students, who were to reply anonymously. As far as we can ascertain the most radical question of the list was addressed to the men students, asking them if they would marry a woman who was, as a newspaper put it "no better than she should be." The professors are far from revolutionary in their sex attitudes; Professor DeGraffe, for example, is a strong opponent of companionate marriage.

The student body acted in this case with the characteristic impulsiveness and lack of decision which marks American students in all such crises in which their intellectual interests are involved. There was a mass meeting; indignation was at a high pitch; undergraduate resolutions were drawn up. But nothing whatever was done about it all. College presidents throughout the country have come to know that when it is a choice between turning a deaf ear on the complaints of Pecksniffs outside the college and insulting the student body, they can safely take the latter course, for the student rage is as ineffectual as it is noisy. Where their deepest interests are involved, students are more tenacious. At the University of Washington, for instance, a large group of students have gone ahead with their effort to get rid of an unpopular football coach, even though the President of the University emphatically declared against it.

The strike is an effectual weapon in the hands of the students. In such plain cases of denial of academic freedom a self-respecting student body will refuse to continue its work until amends have been made. Several years ago Fisk University students demonstrated how effectively this weapon may be used to protect student interests. Will the great mass of American students ever summon up courage enough to make an issue of academic freedom?

Student Politics

THE campus political pot is seething. Candidates who have been secretly at work for weeks soliciting votes are now coming out in the open with their platforms and campaign promises. At Southern Methodist University, the *Semi-Weekly Campus* distributed five hundred bottles of soda pop, thirty gallons of ice cream, cider and pies at a political mass meeting addressed by the Methodist college "orfis seekers." Here are some of the high-lights of the S. M. U. campaign:

Regulating campus morals seems to be an unpopular job, since there is only one candidate for the position of head of the Honor Council.

Graft is not foreign to campus politics, since one candidate for the editorship of *The Campus* pledges himself, if elected, to give "fullest publicity" to "the slightest evidence of dishonesty, graft or near-graft." Friends and acquaintances will not be spared.

The first plank of a candidate for the associate editorship of the *Rotunda*, presumably the college annual, promises to conduct a beauty contest.

That Student Council meetings be thrown open to the public is the foremost suggestion contributed by *The Campus* to whichever candidate is courageous enough to use it. Says *The Campus*: "Shall the Student Council continue its star chamber sessions, or shall it become a real organ of student 'self-government?'

IN the war for campus offices secret treaties between fraternities figure almost as largely as the famous secret treaties did in the World War. At Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, Phi Kappa Sigma, one of the two dominant fraternities, renounced these devious deals and pledged itself to make no secret pacts with any other campus group. The action is a response to a strong undercurrent of dissatisfaction with "political office trading," according to *The Dickinsonian*.

"A few select officemongers in each house have taken the burden of nominating into their own hands and have pledged unofficially, but often quite successfully, the members of their houses to vote according to their direction. Such a condition has bred a host of incapable office-grabbers and led to the taking over of the important positions on the campus by satellites of the political group."

Exonerated

"IN the replies of most college officials the general opinion is that most college men are serious-minded, particularly about the appearance, and eschew the coon skin coat, gaudily painted flivver, hard drinking and bad manners."

Thus Dean Henry Grattan Doyle of George Washington University reported at the annual meeting of the Association of Deans and Advisers of Men. These generalizations were based upon the results of a questionnaire submitted to about four hundred deans of men throughout the country in an effort to find out whether college students are as bad as they are painted in the newspapers and the movies, and, specifically, whether the raffish "collegiate" type is representative of a large group of students.

Poisoned Education?

ARE students in the Harvard School of Business Administration being prejudiced against public ownership and control of utilities by subsidized education? A member of the Massachusetts Legislature has

broached this embarrassing question in the lower house of the State. Last spring it was revealed that the School was getting an annual subsidy from the National Electric Light Association, a national organization for promoting the interests of the power companies. The N. E. L. A. frankly and cynically spends money to influence teachers in schools and colleges, as was shown in the Federal Trade Commission inquiry.

Representative Hagan is reported by the *Harvard Crimson* as having made the following comment on the Business School:

"I want to know," the representative said, "and I believe the people of this state will want to know, what is the relation between the Harvard Business School and the power interests. That is one of the things I had in mind in asking in this resolve for an investigation of the activities in this Commonwealth of the National Electric Light Association."

Although Hagan did not definitely state that this company was actively subsidizing the Harvard Business School, he more than implied as much when he declared, "We have a situation right out here in Harvard College, where the Harvard School of Business Administration, which has enormous influence upon the other educational institutions and upon the press of the country, is absolutely linked up with the power interests. The students in the course on public utilities are being filled with prejudices against public and municipal ownership, and they are being taught a theory of regulation that runs counter to the established system of regulations in this state.

"They are being taught a theory of regulation called the reproduction value doctrine, that Chairman Atwill of the Department of Public Utilities only the other day called a "monstrous doctrine."

Speaking of the three companies, at which the proposed investigation is aimed, the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the New England Bureau of Public Information, he stated: "These organizations, according to the evidence before the Federal Trade Commission, appear to have financed propaganda activities in this State, even invading the sacred portals of Harvard College, — the Harvard School of Business Administration.

"In view of the disclosures of the political activities of the national light and power interests in other states, we have a right to inquire whether the same thing is going on here.

"The Power Trust has taken to heart and made its own, the old motto: 'As the twig is bent, so will the tree incline.' We are right up against a situation where we have got to determine just what these great power interests are doing to us and what we have got to do about them."

Sugar-Coated Militarism

By TUCKER P. SMITH

THOSE of us who went through public school before modernism invaded the teaching of history are apt to think of civilian service in our military machine as a very sacrificial form of patriotic devotion. We have visions of embattled pioneers rushing out to defend their homes against the redskins or the Red Coats; and we admire the sense of citizenship which leads young men to go through the arduous work incidental to training for modern warfare. Sometimes the speeches we hear from army men, college presidents, D. A. R.'s and other boosters for military training fortify this impression. In our Victorian simplicity we applaud the young recruits of the R.O.T.C. and sleep better at night because of their devoted preparedness for national defense. But such sentimental idealism is due for a rude shock when we investigate the actual work of the R.O.T.C. Army men and civilian patriots, bursting on holiday occasions with the idealism of national devotion, became quite practical in their campaign to market their product. The machinery for selling "patriotism" is on the plane of the machinery for selling any other commodity.

Back in 1922 the Secretary of War called a conference of educators, social workers and military men to consider how they might succeed in doing what no previous group in the War Department had ever been able to do: popularize the civilian features of the National Defense Act. General Pershing said to the conference: "That we have not adopted the principle of universal military service renders it highly essential that training which leads up to, and, as far as possible, includes preparedness for military service should be popularized by all available means." In closing the conference Secretary Weeks cautioned these patriotism-peddlers that this must not be done too conspicuously by the War Department or it might arouse suspicion "that we were doing it entirely for military purposes." Since then popularizing military work has made considerable strides.

The oldest and most reliable attraction of the military arm is the uniform. It casts a spell over both sexes. Around it are woven the most thrilling sentiments. Particularly in peace time it tends to blossom out in gay colors and snappy styles. Our college boys are more fastidious than the men of the regular army, so it takes a better uniform to get them to "serve." The War Department planned to give the men in the colleges the regular service uniform—one such as our doughboys served and died in during the World War. This uniform was so respected and honored during that great upheaval that our military leaders thought it fit for anyone. However, there was a great howl from the colleges,—they wanted something better. The War Department asked Congress for a thirty-dollar uniform for the upperclassmen for whom the course in military science, being elective, must be made as attractive as possible. The President of the University of Illinois wrote to the War Department that failure to provide these snappy uniforms might mean a loss of forty to fifty per cent in enrollment. The thirty-dollar uniforms were granted. In this last session of Congress the War Department asked for a twenty-dollar uniform for the college underclassmen. At the same time the regular army continues to use a uniform that costs but a fraction of this amount.

Advertisers of toothpaste, cigarettes, and most every other commercial product have been quick to capitalize the charm and beauty of women. The R.O.T.C. is equally modern, or ancient—as you choose to see it. The prettiest girls in the

high schools and colleges are chosen as honorary officers to lend their influence toward making the training less irksome where it is compulsory and to increasing enthusiasm and recruiting where drill is elective. The actual participation of these lady officers in the work of the units varies with the ingenuity and daring of the girls and their military advisers—also with the extent to which the community has become accustomed to the sight of women in uniform. A study of the practice over the past five years reveals growing numbers of girl officers and growing participation in military events. In some places the more timid girls will appear only two or three times in uniform. In many places they appear at all formal reviews. Some schools report the girls making inspections. At least one commandant has openly declared that the boys "would more readily accept criticism from a girl and be more anxious to avoid it."

Some units have one girl officer and others have a whole staff. Some places give loving cups for the corps of sponsors doing the most for the R.O.T.C. The author has before him a bushel basket full of clippings telling how these charming young ladies have led parades, headed reviews, presented prizes, led cheering, and made public occasions pleasing to all by their efforts and presence. In at least one city high school a corps of matron sponsors has been at work.

The more sophisticated often ask why girls are willing to be the dupes of the war machine and to stoop to this form of advertising. The answer is probably found in the notoriety and publicity that goes with the positions. There is probably nothing else that will give a girl such a good "press." Some little lady from Frog Hollow, Iosouri, by the simple expedient of parading with the R. O. T.C., will get her picture in scores and scores of newspapers from coast to coast. The pretty photograph will have a circulation of fifty to seventy-five millions. Over it will be some such caption as "Military Queen," "Nifty Colonel," "She Rules the Men," "Who wouldn't salute her?" etc. Even the father of the flivver would envy the free space these charming officers secure for themselves and the R.O.T.C.

Girl rifle teams are a slight variation upon the sex-military appeal. They, also, help fill the rotogravure sections with advertising for the army. These rifle teams, the girl officers, the few brave young ladies who are reported to be actually drilling, and the reported attempt by the President of the American Federation of Industrial Women to secure legislation providing for a feminine national guard may be forerunners of the greater future participation in war by women. But they are more apt to be just a logical carrying out of our age-old tradition of glorifying the military above all else,—and the natural scramble of everyone concerned to share in the glory of being part of the military machine.

The public parade has always been a sure-fire interest-getter whether it is a circus with its lumbering elephants and its calliope, or a regiment with its shining arms and its royal drum-major. The parade becomes all the more thrilling when big brother, son, or daughter is conspicuous in it. When special music is composed for this occasion and it is made one of the events of the community; those who seek recognition will find joy here. One army writer has put it thus, "With pomp and glitter the great unit is massed, and to the sound of rhythmic music with flags flying and cadenced step, the sub-units pass and do homage to their commander. For the soldier not to be conscious and proud of his identity with the herd is, under these circumstances, almost impossible. Finally, to express its unity, the herd is given a symbol—the colors." And don't forget the horses—now of less practical value, but as beautiful as ever.

In 1916 the Chief of Staff of the Army proposed a plan for military training in the schools. Among other wise suggestions, he noted, "With the civilized as with the primitive youth, the 'game' is the medium of all successful training. 'Competition' is to youth, what 'security' is to age. And so we have all sorts of prizes and awards offered to appeal to the ambitious. In one middle-western city forty-one medals and cups are dangled before the eyes of aspiring high school cadets. College and university catalogues list many such awards. Needless to say, these are granted with much public display, ceremony and publicity.

Nearly two thousand horses in the colleges help to "sweeten the training," to use the words of a college president in the Middle West. An eastern press story clipped by the author this very day, runs, "R.O.T.C. Has Given Polo a Big Boost. For the first time since Oriental potentates pursued a wooden ball about the plains of the East centuries ago, polo has been brought within the range of the man of moderate means. The game owes its recent rapid growth to the establishment of the R.O.T.C. units which are maintained at schools all over the country." Another press despatch from the Northwest says, that in schools where the government maintains an R.O.T.C. unit with horses, "polo (becomes) decidedly less costly than the run of minor sports at the college."

Sham battles, often called "war games," where there are free fireworks, with all the thrills of a great battle, and none of the danger, draw increasing crowds of admiring parents and shouting kids from the surrounding community. Most of these are held purely for entertainment purposes and are military maneuvers in no sense of the term.

Space does not permit us to go on for a study of additional popularizers such as honorary fraternities, pay for advanced students, suggestions that it may be better to be an officer than to peel potatoes in the next war, calling those who do not enlist "slackers," etc. However, there is one more method of adding to the pleasure and to the enrollment of the R.O.T.C. which must be listed because of its very questionable ethics. If one

believes military preparedness is the only hope of the race and that military service is the big duty and privilege of citizenship, one will quite naturally put all the frills possible on the military machine and appeal to personal ambition as well as to patriotic devotion. That is all "fair-play" in the "game of war," granted the premise. But when that military work is toned down to the point that it is of very doubtful military value and is made "easy," to increase the popularity of the course, one may seriously raise the question of "honesty in advertising." Official agents of the War Department admitted to the sub-committee on appropriations of the House that bayonet work was removed from the R.O.T.C. because it did not tend to make the course popular. Believing in preparedness and also believing in the bayonet as a *sine qua non*, the War Department is on very questionable grounds in this move. The question may be fairly raised whether this is not in reality a "subversive move" calculated to undermine our national defense. That is not the intention, but it certainly is the result. We may properly ask whether the War Department and the R.O.T.C. prefer popularity to national preparedness.

What are the results of this program of popularizing? The first answer is that it works. Set up such a thrilling machine, reinforcing all our traditional regard for the military, appealing to our vanity, our egotism, our ambition, our love of applause, call it patriotism, make the work easy—and youth will join in large numbers. When duty becomes such a pleasure we are all very faithful and devoted to the service of our country. The author has found situation after situation where the R.O.T.C. is winning the boys and the community to "preparedness," to patriotism, to "service," to the National Defense Act, and to the military fraternity, the military machine, the military way.

One of the great, unconscious results of this delightful "playing at soldiering" is the keeping alive of those habits of thought and feeling which make that anachronism, War, possible in our modern world. The common notion that military training has no militaristic results unless it makes boys want war is entirely fallacious. Wars do not come because nations are bloodthirsty and go out seeking war, but because men and nations have been schooled for centuries by building up habits of thought and feeling which make men accept war as inevitable, as patriotic, as glorious. This "playing at the war game" which we see in the R.O.T.C., if it has any result at all, must surely throw an emotional halo around the military machine which will lead these boys and girls to act very irrationally on matters of international relations.

Furthermore it is very dangerous to make it personally profitable for boys and girls to support a system which is tied up with the continuance of war. Human motives are always sufficiently mixed,—enrolling our boys and girls in the military fraternity under such stimuli makes the chances for clear-thinking almost hopeless.

Research in the Universities

By A. B. WOLFE

IT is said that approximately $200,000,000 are spent annually in this country on research. This is a large sum—large enough to build about five airplane carriers. Compared to our total national income, probably between 80 and 90 billion dollars, it does not seem so large. It amounts to perhaps $25 in each $10,000 of our income. But of the 200 millions only about 20 millions are reputed to be devoted to research in pure science—that is about $2.50 in each $10,000 of our income. However large or small these sums may appear to be, there is no question that the present is a period of altogether unprecedented activity in research. If we could secure a monetary estimate of the value of the time and energy spent by individuals, as well as by industrial corporations and research organizations, the total would doubtless far exceed 200 millions.

Most of this money, however, is spent for industrial research—much of it of a merely routine nature. A comparatively small proportion goes to research in the social sciences and the humanities. This fact has led to some fears for our civilization. "Has not science overshot the mark?" asks Professor Ogg.[1] "Has it set a mechanical pace too swift for our institutional developments . . . thrust into our hands a complicated, high-powered machine that will fly to pieces before we learn to control it?" The discrepancy between our material progress and our moral or social, progress is clear to every one. The idea that it can be reduced by greater activity in research in the social sciences is natural; though the task of securing a rational society—a rational control of our machine capitalism — sets a problem for research infinitely more involved and difficult than any in applied natural science. It is one thing to utilize science to control natural forces; it is a different thing to attempt to secure through scientific research a rationalization of human nature and the social order. The attempt must be made however and one must be sustained against all set-backs and discouragements. The signal importance of the future of social research warrants the comprehensive survey of the present status of social science research in this country which Professor Ogg has, very ably carried out. The organized agencies are many—learned societies, research councils and in-

[1] RESEARCH IN THE HUMANISTIC AND SOCIAL SCIENCES. Report of a survey conducted for the American Council of Learned Societies. By Frederick Austin Ogg. The Century Co., 1928. $1.50.

stitutes, a long list of research bureaus, economic, governmental, social, and business, private and corporate business agencies, governmental bureaus, and last but not least, the universities. Some of the most important research is being done by the great foundations, directly or indirectly. But probably it is due to the universities that we must look for the prolonged and consistent pursuit of the thousand and one problems which plague us.

Mr. Hoover and others have expressed the opinion that pure science research itself is in danger in this country, because so many promising research men are drawn off into applied technique by business and industry. Any university man knows of a dozen instances within his own observation. There is even less satisfaction with the situation of the social sciences. "The meagreness of first-rate contributions to philosophy, philology, political science, and even history and economics . . . plainly reveals," thinks Professor Ogg, "the immaturity of our culture. Plenty of research work, of a kind, is all the time in progress. Quantitatively, there is little ground for complaint. But a considerable proportion of the studies undertaken are ill-planned, crudely executed, and barren of significant result."

Why is this? Ogg thinks it due in part to inadequate financial support, to imperfectly developed methods of investigation, and to inadequate cooperation between the different fields of social inquiry. More generally, it is probably due to the fact that only within the present generation has social science research had a large development, even quantitatively, and to the immaturity, as compared with Europe, of our scholarship and our general research spirit. Ogg, himself, indicates the key to the situation: "Serious and competent scholars notoriously lack time and means for carrying out important projects." There's the rub. Apart from researches carried out, or subsidized, by the great foundations and bureaus (like the Russell Sage Foundation, the National Bureau of Economic Research, The Pollak Foundation, and the Social Science Research Council) social science research has its workshop mainly in the universities.

And there's the second rub. The American University, with few exceptions, is not a university in the European sense. In Europe the university is a research institution, with two functions — to carry on active investigations and to train men for research and the professions. In the United States the university has evolved out of the college, and most of our universities, however much they may try to promote research and the research spirit, are organized as aggregates of undergraduate colleges and professional schools. The function of research is to expand knowledge and afford means of control; the traditional function of teaching in the colleges is to impart knowledge (in and by itself often useless), train the mental faculties, and "develop character." In the American college practically the whole emphasis, and in the American universities nine-tenths of the emphasis, is on teaching. Under our present organization of higher education and the present attitude of administrative officials, confronted as they are with the problem of handling unprecedented numbers of undergraduates, how can we expect the patient, well-planned, consistent, and thorough-going research, characteristic, say, of the German university?

As a matter of fact, our cultural immaturity—perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say our cultural adolescence—is shown by the flimsy texture of some of our so-called research. Much that is grandiloquently called research is mere puttering about in insignificance, or at best what some wag has dubbed re-search. There is both virgin wool and shoddy in current spirit and practice. The problem is to discourage the marketing of the shoddy. But why this immaturity? The answer lies perhaps in the very prestige "research" has come to have. Men, and sometimes (too infrequently, by far) women, are called to college faculties for the express purpose of teaching, presumably to lead the youth of the land not only to knowledge but a little way on the road to the breadth and perspective and catholicity of cultured maturity. Yet what are the qualifications of a college teacher—other than "moral character," "address," and the other stale rubrics of the teachers' agency blank? Do college presidents inquire whether the candidate has done any thinking about the aims and processes of education or about the place of the subject he is to teach in those aims and processes? In twenty-five years' experience I have never known that question to be raised in a letter of inquiry.

While our colleges are in aim and method essentially continuation high schools—a fact sadly to be recorded — our ideal candidate must have a Ph.D. And no one can get a Ph.D. unless he has demonstrated, nominally at least, his ability to carry out an "original and independent" piece of research. This is usually embodied in a thesis and securely stowed away in the most remote stack of the library. On his thesis the candiate has spent probably at least a solid year's work. It is an open question whether this time would not far better have been spent in general reading. If he is to teach undergraduates in the field of literature, there should not be much doubt. It is a bit difficult to see how prolonged application to so highly a specialized piece of work as the doctorate thesis usually is, can be a very efficacious element in the professional training of the college teacher, not one in a hundred of whose students will ever, in later life, be called upon to do a piece of research.

The Ogg report should be read by every member of every university faculty in the country. B it will be read by comparatively few. Few as yet know of its existence. There is a chapter on research in the colleges which every college instructor would do well to read. The matters touched upon in this particular chapter should be of genuine interest to readers of *The New Student.*

The place and function of research in colleges had already been considered by a committee under the leadership of Dr. Maynard Metcalf, formerly of Oberlin College, whose long experience as a college teacher and reputation as a research scientist gave him peculiar right to a hearing. He has for years held that it is the duty of even the small college to encourage some research on the part of its faculty members. Neither Metcalf nor Ogg look for any great addition to human knowledge from the incidental researches of men whose time is so fully occupied in other duties, though Ogg says that some of the best research on record has been done by busy teachers in little colleges. Why then should the college bother about research at all? Let Ogg answer: If investigative work is totally absent, teaching itself suffers. The teacher who merely dispenses knowledge becomes an automaton — dull, perfunctory, uninspiring. The average instructor urgently needs to be kept alive in his subject by doing some creative work in it. Let Metcalf answer: The object is to quicken the scholarship and intellectual life of the teacher and to make his position in the college so attractive that he will be glad to stay there rather than seek a university job. Ogg suggests other advantages, but after all the main purpose is to put soul and stimulus into college teaching.

With this aim every friend of higher education must be wholly in sympathy; for it is well known that some most wretched teaching is done in the colleges. Personally, I believe, with Ogg and Metcalf, that the best teachers will usually be found to be those who are trying to work out some research problem in their field. It would be too much to say that a man cannot know his subject unless he is "doing research" in it; but it is certainly true that if he knows it well enough to teach it as it ought to be taught—not as something finished and recorded in a text-book, but as a living, growing, changing thing, with all the problems of growth and change—he will want to do some research in it. He will, in self respect, not be content to let the "authorities" settle all the unsolved problems. On the other hand, it is unsafe to intimate, as Ogg says, that research never injures teaching. It is safe to say that many a university professor, deeply engrossed in some research problem, and weighted with a full teaching load at the same time, occasionally goes into his classroom wondering what he is going to say. But so do a great many others.

I have been thinking over the outstanding teachers in a certain college faculty of pre-war days. Of an even dozen whom I recall offhand, practically every one was engaged in some research or other "creative" work. Four are still there, but for one reason or another have published little or nothing. One is retired, after distinguished teaching and publication. One is dead, and six have long since been called away to big universities or research institutions. That will always be the disadvantage of the college. Its best teachers, because they in general are also promising research men, will be in demand by institutions which can offer infinitely better library and laboratory facilities, if not higher salaries.

Among the obstacles to genuine research activity, not only in the colleges but in the universities, the greatest is the teaching load. The backwardness of American creative scholarship, compared to European, is due in large part to the fact that our educational institutions try to carry water on both shoulders. It is a very exceptional man who can properly carry twelve to fifteen hours a week of classroom teaching and at the same time have enough energy left for real research. We are simply expecting the impossible, and as a result we suffer in both directions — poor teaching and poor research. Much can be done as Ogg outlines, to promote opportunity for the desired "life-saving" research for college teachers, but the fundamental reform necessary is a drastic reduction in teaching load.

No great headway will be made in this direction, however, even in the universities, as long as we cling to the high school method of teaching and to the idea that college students are still children who must be directed and coddled and checked in and out daily. The simple fact is that we have far too much teaching and far too little study. The ideal teacher, and the ideal student, would spend little time in the classroom. The teacher would be a student leading younger students in the enthusiastic and partly independent pursuit of problems. Master of his subject and its relations, he would have such breadth and perspective that his students would come to see, with him, the forest rather than the underbrush. If something like this were our ideal, there would be vastly less classroom work than now, and vastly more planned, independent, and responsible reading on the part of the student. The urge to research—the genuine urge I mean, not the desire merely to do the expected—is desire to know and to do—scholarly curiosity, the joy of intellectual workmanship. Feeding students predigested textbook pap does not stimulate such an urge. When, and if, we "educators" arrive at the point where we are willing to use horse sense and treat our undergraduates (the upper two classes at least) as men and women and make them to a degree responsible for their own education, when we stiffen standards, cut out the easy habit of merely going through the motions, stimulate independent reading and thinking, and encourage the genial fellowship of the intellectual workshop (instead of the mass production of educational veneer), we can solve the problems of athletics and "outside" activities, and get rid of the campus lizards in about one student generation, or four years. And then research in college will no longer be a tenuous possibility. Research, broadly speaking, will be done by teachers and students alike, and together. And when that time comes—though it probably never will—the student will be let in on some of the real joys of the intellectual interest.

Our Dean-Natured Morality

By PHYLLIS BLANCHETTE

I WOULD not have you see the Dean of Women of our great state university as an ugly ogress. On the contrary, she has the dumpy charm of a portrait by Franz Hals, with descriptive text by Eddie Guest. She is gray-haired, forty-two, and unmarried. She lives in an apartment, lined by elevating books, with two women instructors, each of whom is over thirty-five and also unimpeachably unwed. It is her opinion that the Devil can be conquered still by militant virginity, and that purity crushed to earth will writhe again if you galvanize the cadaver with proper injections of punishment and prayer. As one of her room-mates expressed it: "The moral sleeve of our time is unraveled, and it is our Dean's duty and destiny to gather the ends and mend it again."

As a program, I can find no fault with moral sleeve-mending. But in her technique the Dean is handicapped by the choice of tools: she would draw the crude hemp of our day through the eye of a fine Victorian needle. So that, one is forced to confess, the moral sleeve of our time not only goes unmended but it is gaping a little at the seams and is a bit moth-pocked at the elbows. You can't, after all, repair Gargantua's jacket on a doilie drum.

II

Not that our state university is particularly carnal or damned. We have six thousand men and four thousand women, all in the lusty, experimental age, and I count it as evidence of probity that our clinics and orphan asylums are not strewn with experimental by-products and errors. It may be argued that the absence of such by-products is only an index of carefulness rather than evidence of self-denial. And yet I think I give a fairly accurate estimate of the purity of our whole campus family when I report that out of twenty of my intimate college women friends seven are all that their maiden aunts would wish them to be, ten have tasted only the beady bubbles winking on the brim of the cup, and three have dived in heart-first and are happily accursed. Also, there come to my ears now and then tales, more pathetic than shocking, of stray nympho-naiads whose cases are clearly material for the pathologist. So much for the major crimes on our moral calendar. Of minor delinquencies there are a host: philanderings in parked autos under the elms in Woodlawn Drive, house parties not too meticulously chaperoned, cigarette smoking in women's dormitories and *unwomanly* conduct at roadhouses, dance halls, etc. The italics are the Dean's, not mine. The essence of her code is "womanliness." Her definition of the term is vague, but when you hear her employ it, as she frequently does, you are aware that it connotes the same ruffled and starchy virtues once gathered together under the expression "lady-like."

For a woman of our Dean's cloistered sanctity, the delinquencies that come to light through her spies (she has, of course, an excellent system of spies and a sort of Scotland Yard index system that would provide rich stuff for the tabloids) indicate a moral condition horribly unepiscopalian. Her methods of reform are delicious. She writes weekly sermonettes for the student newspaper. She addresses special women's convocations and meetings at dormitories and sorority houses. And in these written and spoken pronouncements she has contributed the following recipes for female salvation. I give you my word of honor that, though the phraseology is my own, the ideas are entirely the Dean's:

The careful co-ed must not wear red dresses. Red has a definite and quite regrettable effect on the male organism, making it difficult to concentrate on holy thoughts.

The womanly woman will not drink at the bubblers in the lecture-building halls if male students are present. Stooping over a bubbler sometimes exposes too many epidermal areas that the womanly woman reserves only for her masseur. Also, the icy water brings a tempting carmine to the lips, that is too beautiful to be nice.

When the careful co-ed receives an unexpected caller in the rooming-house reception parlor, she must not run downstairs with her hair uncombed and her buttons unfastened. This is not only untidy, but indicates an intimacy which unmanly men are only too ready to turn to their advantage.

The cautious girl will not wear silk stockings with longitudinal clocks. Especially not clocks tipped with arrows pointing upward.

When two co-eds room together in the same quarters, both should wear night-gowns or both should wear pajamas. If one wears a night-gown and the other pajamas, that is suggestive and indecent.

In regard to smoking, the Dean has formulated the theory of the "three thrills." One of my friends, discovered with a cigarette in the dormitory where smoking is proscribed, and being duly reported by a spy, was summoned into the Dean's presence. The Dean yearned over her with sad eyes. "It is not merely that smoking is unhealthful and vile," she said. "It is because smoking is the first of the three thrills. First you smoke for a thrill. Then you take a drink for a thrill. And that," sighed the Dean tragically, "leaves only one thrill left."

III

These are but the more amusing outlines in this portrait of pruriency. There are, however, details of a more somber tone that have earned for the Dean the reputation—voiced by many professors—of being a positive menace on our campus. They would like to see her shorn of the power she has wielded in our university for a whole decade. And so, I am informed, would the president himself. Yet the woman is regarded by the mothers upstate and by most of the members of the board of regents as a barricade against Satan. They do not see, as I and many have seen, both her negative ineffectuality as a leader or counsellor and her positive power for evil.

Again and again young girls in my rooming house have come to my room hysterical, exhausted, outraged. They had just had a session with the Dean. They had stood upright in the Dean's private office, while the Dean, seated, had examined them from head to foot, searching them through and through for Sin. . . . Mary had been observed stealing into the kitchen entrance of our rooming house at twenty minutes past eleven on Wednesday night—a "ten-thirty" night under the house rules. "And where had you been, Mary? Come, my dear, tell me everything." The Dean's first approach is "motherliness." Mary blushes, stammers. Mary, I know for a fact, is spotless. She confesses she had been to a dance. At quite a reputable dance hall. "And with whom?" Mary reluctantly gives the name. The Dean makes a neat entry on a card. "And then he took you home? In an auto?" "Yes." "And he offered you a drink?" Mary denies it. But her eyes fall and her cheeks are pale. Only "guilty" girls can outface the Dean. "Come," says the Dean, "you are not telling the truth, Mary. I can forgive you anything but a lie. It is not womanly to lie, Mary. And it is unfair to me. Can't you understand that I am only trying to help you?" (There is, in the Dean's phrases,

the haunting savor of something read long ago. Perhaps in McGuffey's school readers.) "Now, Mary, tell me, did you have a drink?" "Only a taste," admits Mary. "Just a taste—but he didn't mean—oh, it was only a joke—and I didn't like the stuff." The Dean makes another memorandum on the card. The card will be sent to the Dean of Men and tomorrow there will be one boy student missing at roll-call. For the Dean of Men, too, is high-minded. . . . "Yes, Mary, and after you took a drink what happened?" "Nothing." "Did he kiss you?" cries the Dean sharply. "Yes," says Mary with a defiant grimace. "He did kiss me twice, maybe more." "And then?" "Nothing. Nothing!" Mary's face is flushed now and her eyes frantic. "Did he place his hand on you?" The Dean is standing up now. Her face, too, is a little flushed. Perhaps from the triumph of wrestling with the devil in Mary Brown. Perhaps. "Come, Mary, tell me everything. What did he do next?" Mary's hands are clenched, her voice shrill. "Oh, I know what you mean," she wails. "But it's not true. It's a lie. Nothing happened. I swear it. Oh. . . ." and she grows incoherent, feeling trapped, and sullied and lost.

And Mary comes back to our rooming house and flings herself on the bed of my room. "I feel crawly inside," she cries. "I feel dirty. I hate her. I feel like going out and doing everything she suspected me of doing."

And that—unless more wholesome counsel prevails—is exactly what Mary will do. That is what some Marys have already done.

There is, of course, a scientific causation for these probings of the Dean into the tortured consciousness of Mary Brown. A causation that would take into account the fact that our Dean is forty-two, a spinster living with spinsters in a room lined with impeccable books. You will feel sorry, as I do, for this thwarted soul, forced to satiate her hunger with the experiences of Mary Brown and with the flights of her own imagination which is far more gluttonous than the immature and normal cravings of the child, Mary. But you will feel sorry for the Dean only in her role as an individual, realizing that she is no better or worse than the legion of ladies who draw their sustenance from salacious gossip over the back fence. It is in her role as Dean, with power over the destiny of four thousand girls, that pity for her stops. The record of her deanship is redolent with mischief: girls expelled and disgraced for trifling peccadillos made putrescent by the Dean's carnal fancies. The Mary Browns have no recourse. The Dean's recommendations are obeyed by the committee that takes final disciplinary action—who would disbelieve this sweet, gray-haired woman, exuding sanctity, and would believe the denials of the culprit, stammering and blushing under a dozen eyes as the story of her lewdness is unfolded? They have not, these victims, even the recourse of appeal to the public, for in most cases there is the shadow of wrong-doing that would be painted large and black by the press, avid for such morsels of scandals. So Mary Brown vanishes from the campus quietly, and our community is once more a godly place.

Out of the Dean's spying and probing there emerge, of course, occasional cases calling for intervention. One such was the case of Agnes, who boasted—once too often—of having "made" a different youth every night for six nights, and who confessed, upon examination by our wildly-excited Dean, to be consumed by libidinous hungers. Clearly a case for something more than prayer and punishment. But in our Dean's code there is no room for science and pathology; there is only Right and Wrong, with power given to every mortal to choose the Right—under deanly inspiration. So Agnes and her neurosis were cursed and driven from the garden—to be sent home to her parents who already had demonstrated their unfitness to cope with the case.

Some details of this affair leaked out, and members of our faculty began an agitation to have an expert psychiatrist placed as a permanent member on the disciplinary committee and pass on all cases involving major delinquencies calling for expert treatment. The suggestion has been fought by our Dean. To adopt it, she feels, would be to remove "badness" from the category of Sin and place it in the category of pathological science, and would be followed by the collapse of her whole moral system. The Dean's advice has prevailed. There is no psychiatrist on the disciplinary board. Justice is still dispensed by the Dean of women, the Dean of men, an aged professor of medieval history, and a professor of business correspondence, all well-equipped to grapple with the devil in Mary Brown.

IV

If a note of shrill indignation has crept into this portrait of our Dean it is not merely that I see the case as a local abomination. For the Dean is a type common in three universities where I have studied and in a dozen colleges that have been attended by my friends. The shame lies not only in what these prurient souls are doing, but also in the knowledge of how great an influence for enlightenment our deans might be with the proper scientific approach, and the proper human sympathy emerging from the fullness of their own lives. Our four thousand young women here are harassed by problems, but their only confessional is some bedroom in the dorm, where they acquire new stupidities from some adolescent chum as illy equipped with knowledge as they are. They do not dare confide in our Dean. They have heard—all of them—of the cases of the Mary Browns, and they would as soon think of voluntarily entering her office and confessing their cravings and errors as they would of laying bare their young flesh to the chaste embrace of Torquemada's iron rack.

A Defense of Dogma

In Which the Writer Has a Kind Word for an Old Friend

By BYRON R. DUNHAM

IT HARDLY seems possible that sociologists and others, in their arduous warfare against all dogma, could afford to overlook such a fertile field as that of childhood precepts. Doubtless, however, these men know that children are still taught that they should always obey their parents, that a sentence can never begin with "and," that dirty hands and faces are always unsanitary, and other equally vicious heresies. Why then do they not take immediate steps to stamp out such pernicious generalizations? We can do nothing but give these profound men credit for knowing that, although these teachings are not the thing they call the truth, they are, none the less, the only things that can be taught children to give them the right steer in life. Of course as the child develops he will realize that it is in deviation from his parents' inclinations and guidance that he becomes a volitional individual,

that perfectly respectable sentences may begin with "and," and in high school or college he will be intrusted with the startling knowledge that pathogenic germs cannot live saprophytically. Children's precepts are made for the period of childhood and soon enough in his growth a child takes cognizance of exceptions. The teaching of children must begin with dogma, and so should all teaching begin with it.

Dogma is better than pusillanimity, and yet pusillanimity is the only alternative to it. Whether they will admit it or not all teachers utilize dogma in introducing students to a new field or in opening a course. Here is an absolute and untruthful statement from each college course I can recall having taken: that astronomers are not interested in speculations on Mars' being inhabited, that typhoid can only be contracted by eating fecal matter, that the date of publication should always be given in footnotes, that money is not in itself productive, that we do not run because we are afraid but are afraid because we run, that Paul was the first apostle to oppose circumcision as a prerequisite for conversion, that the federal government cannot legislate the individual, that New England is the home of American literature, that a catalyzer is not changed in the reaction, that a teacher of English composition cannot tell you how to write better. All this and much more dogma I have been exposed to and survived with normal intelligence. In fact it is closer to the truth to say that it is because of this dogma that I have been able to hold my intelligence quotient. It all serves as a ballast to my thinking. If for a moment I am careening, I always have these absolute truths to steady my course. Only a simpleton or a sociologist would object to them because they are not totally true, and only a Ph.D. student would attempt to make them true. Let us imagine one, preferably he who wrote on *The Uses of "It" in Chaucer*, rectifying the statement that a sentence cannot begin with "and." His qualifications might proceed thus: "When there is an indubitable hiatus of thought, an obvious relation of subject matter, and a conjunctional relationship to be expressed, a sentence may begin with 'and,' provided no other conjunction expresses the parallelism and no other transitional word is possible." Thus he might go on through the description of ten or twelve other compositional exigencies that would warrant such usage, and then append the whole with the saving phrase "with no very important exceptions" to take care of any stray usages he might have neglected (for a Ph.D. will have the truth even though he reaches it through the low inglorious path of qualifications). But now let us look at our statement. Is it closer to the truth? An occasion for an exception arises about once every five hundred sentences. If our Ph.D. has hit them all, he has moved us one five-hundredth closer to the ideal. But what of the effect, 499/500 of the truth is in five words, one-five-hundredth of it is in 2,500. Put this emancipating truth before a class in English composition and what would the result be? The number of sentences beginning with "and" would instantly double and continue to increase until the teacher explained that this profound treatise of exceptions had been written by one perverted and subsequently distracted by well-meaning educators who had set him to the examination of warts.

Not only is dogma useful to the student in giving him something to hold to in entering a new field, but it is the most valuable tool the teacher possesses and he should bless and not malign it. How many young ambitious poetry teachers trying at the first to teach the difference between rhythm and meter, have at last given up in desperation and had their classes scan all lines metrically, never hinting that meter may sometimes interfere with or be overlooked in broader rhythmical movements. An economics teacher would be considered mad if at the time he was introducing the class to the theory of money as a medium of exchange, he became absolutely truthful and expounded at the same time some of the profound theories on the productivity of money. Confronted with truth the class is confused and blinded, presented with a partial truth stated dogmatically, they proceed blissfully and logically in their thinking. Thus no matter how repulsive the fact may be to ardent anti-dogmatists and alleged truth lovers, if teachers are to teach and students learn, mere truth must be sacrificed to the greater god, expediency.

There is a sect of teachers who, not courageous enough to be dogmatic or yet so stupid as to be truthful, slavishly acquiesce in the safety of qualifications. Members of this group have never been known to close their mouths after a declarative statement but invariably tag it with such safety devices as "on the whole," "whenever practical," "usually," "in most cases," "for all practical purposes," "with few exceptions." Now whereas this kind of pusillanimity is absolutely harmless it is also completely powerless and after a student has been exposed to it for a quarter he knows not what to think, and can only use the subject matter of the course with extreme caution and with a thousand mental reservations.

In the same class with these weak sisters with their petty qualifications are those presumptuous pedagogues who seem to make it their business to discount and qualify all broad and general statements regardless of who pronounced them or what was their original meaning. One frequent victim of the attacks of these bustling qualifiers is Thomas Jefferson. There is hardly a sociologist or eugenicist who has written over five thousand words who has not found an occasion to quote Jefferson's statement that all men are created free and equal and point out, with apparent pride at his acumen, that this is not true; that all men are not born with the same mental capacity, physical equipment, etc. Now this is ridiculous enough but several of these astute qualifiers have gone so far as to explain seriously that Jefferson did not mean equal in this sense but that in the common right of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness one man was as good as another! It would seem to most of us that when William James said cryptically and memorably that we do not run because we are afraid but are afraid because we run, to point out that emotions can best be identified by their expression, he had attained analogical perfection. But his words have something of the nature of positiveness and generalization, so a provincial psychologist in his recently published text must vaunt his little qualification and indicate his superiority to the father of his science by showing that this famous paradox is not quite true, "that the emotion is to be identified with the organic readjustment and consequently it is legitimate to assert that fear is partly responsible for our flight." James's statement is dogmatic, by tagging it with this minion qualification it becomes totally true, but how immeasurably it has lost. It is pungent, epigrammatic, memorable, its petty reservation is weak and insipid. Why, James could have made his statement true by merely appending to it an "on the whole." Undoubtedly he knew that his epigram was an exaggeration but he was big enough to know that force is of more importance than the total truth. No statement can have punch if it be tagged with a puling exception. Of what good is the truth if it be served in an unpalatable form?

It is furthermore a distinct imputation on the intelligence of students if they cannot be trusted with generalizations. They will not believe what it is unreasonable to

believe and reservations are so easily made there should be no worry about it. Thus if a student is told in the same course that pathogenic bacteria cannot live saprophytically, and later that typhoid can be contracted from drinking water, he has merely to make such adjustment as he makes a thousand times a day in his thinking. To the extent that one is true the other is untrue and no student would be so abandoned as to consider them mutually nugatory. A student no more takes his teacher's word for gospel than he does his parent's, so why worry about making all statement one hundred per cent true.

This last statement is unfortunately not totally true. The perversion of teachers by all this talk of truth and exactness to making only statements cautiously worded and guarded by qualification, has given rise to a group of students who are intellectual sycophants. Of course all teachers are that, but this mental servility, whereas it is a part of a teacher's natural inheritance, is to be regretted in those who come to grow. This afflicted group have allowed teachers to become their mental leaders rather than their intellectual foils. They hang on a teacher's words as though he were pronouncing unique thoughts, once lost, irretrievable. Poor souls, they miss the supreme joy of the student of regarding teachers as his natural enemies who would tame and conventionalize what pupils have in them of the wild and uncontrollable. We all have less of this than Shelley, but what we have we should use to fight back all attempts of teachers to make us the tame mental servitors they have become because of their dearth of nature. But as long as the illusion of the value of truth and caution continues to grow with the suspicion of generalizations, this group of classroom courtiers, who believe what teachers say, will continue to increase and swell the ranks of the Ph.D.'s, those who early have their little spark of nature extinguished. What if one of them be academic, unimaginative, conventional, hidebound, pedantic, sidetracked, narrow, spiritless, heavy, craven, dull, cautious, servile, blundering, thick-headed, apathetic, and lifeless, he is excused because he is a Ph.D. investigating the birthrate among felons. Some would say this work is valuable. But so is that of your dirty, fly-carrying, foul-smelling, filth-gathering garbage man. He merits the same kind of thanks as does your fact-mongering Ph.D. They should be blessed together.

But ahead of all these, the cautious, qualifying teachers and their sycophantic students, epitomizing the depravities of both, foremost in the battle against dogma, shading their little truths with bushels of words are the sociologists. It would be advisable for those who allow themselves to fall into the habit of attempting to be absolutely truthful to look at this sect and take warning. The sociologists in their precious science have found it impossible to use a thing so positive as definition. Definitions are too likely to exclude some ultra-recondite meaning or include some slight impertinence, so sociologists have substituted for definitions, conceptions. One of the most widely used sociology texts, *An Introduction to the Science of Sociology*, or *An Introduction to Bedlam* as it is affectionately called by students on campuses where it is used, employs conceptions as the basis for its terminology. I have consulted a number of students who have taken courses using this text and they seem unanimous in their confession of not having read the text past the second chapter. This seemed to be the stopping place for them all, here they had all decided that there was something in the meaning that mere reading and understanding could not reveal. It is in the second chapter that the first conception is perpetrated. *Human Nature* is the first thing to be defined or rather conceived of. After hastily scanning the laborious chapter of introduction one starts on this next chapter with all the optimism and anticipation incident to entering a new field. He is told a great many things all of which seem to lead up to a lengthy quotation the theme of which is, "By human nature we may understand those sentiments and impulses that belong to mankind at large and not to any particular race or time." Having been given a fair indication of what human nature is going to mean, he confidently scans the next few pages and without warning or preparation comes on a paragraph explaining that nothing is so characteristic of human nature as that it changes, "that it is human nature to change itself." This offer is totally unexpected and one carefully retraces his reading to find the change in the progress of the thought. I had examined these pages several times discovering nowhere an explanation for this startling contradiction when there came the realization that a sociologist saw nothing harmful in giving his words meanings diametrically opposed; that in his arduous fight for the absolute truth he had come to the logical end of letting his words mean anything. His "conceptions" include black and white and hence all the meanings and shades of meanings of the whole prism. Thus by holding to these conceptions he can never make an untrue statement. It might be urged against this practice that neither could his statements have any real meaning but as yet, the sociologists have in this experienced no serious inconvenience.

This then is the fate of all those who would forswear dogma and become absolutely truthful. The number of these however is less than their clamor, and for the most part, teachers go happily on beginning and developing their subjects by dogma and generalization, and ending with them also, for what teacher does not enjoy on the last day of the course to smile benevolently, roll out three or four sufficiently broad and truthful generalizations and send his students on their way with their little bundles of knowledge neatly tied and branded.

Truth-Sheds Are Flimsy Houses

By T. SWANN HARDING

MARK TWAIN at one time made some stinging satirical remarks about people who, at some time in their lives, built and roofed a shed which they called Truth, and then spent the rest of their lives seeking to keep this roof in repair so that no new facts could possibly find their way inside. This was a bitterly humorous way of suggesting that doctrines are relatively invulnerable to facts. Worse still it is a profoundly exact observation.

Truth is, after all, not a static and an unchanging thing. It is a state of eternal becoming. It is the momentary resultant of innumerable forces which are not dead but dynamic and it varies constantly with the constantly varying intensity of these forces. The theory that the sun was a chariot of fire fitted a certain epoch and a certain culture; the theory that it would stop at Joshua's command to forward Jahveh's ends and aims fitted another; the theory that it was a mass of fire almost if not quite as large as Greece itself fitted still another.

So also the apparent fact that the sun ran over the sky above the earth was truth for a certain day and age; the apparent fact that the earth is an infinitesimal planet moving regularly around the sun which is itself in movement is truth for another era. We are in error when we cannot live by the noblest truths of our time; we discover new and greater truths when pelting facts utterly destroy the truth of our time. This implies that we cannot possibly live a normal intellectual life by seeking to protect our truth from pelting facts.

When such statements as these are made most of us incline to smile superciliously and to cite some group we do not like—say Methodists, or Republicans, or Vegetarians, or Fundamentalists, or Puritans, or Reactionaries, or Conservatives—as composed of horrible examples. This is a mistake. For it is the supreme irony of the universe, not limited to any group, that man should be suffused with the almost irresistible desire to set up Truths and to protect them from facts with doctrines, when the only possible way he can ever progress is to permit facts to demolish his doctrines that he may arrive at new and more useful truths.

To show that this passion for indoctrination reaches science itself we need do no more than cite the late Dr. Jacques Loeb, a many-sided biologist of high and undeniable achievements. But in a large sense Loeb devoted himself to the theory of mechanism. He found, for instance, that as he varied the salt content of the water in which they swam he could produce fish with one Cyclopean eye instead of two normal eyes ,or with two heads instead of one. What did he argue from many phenomena of this type?

In one case that might be cited he argued that it was undoubtedly true that a young man's decision as to whether he should be a pacifist or a soldier rested upon the laws of chemistry and physics. In short, his doctrine was that all living things followed the well known laws of chemistry and of physics, therefore vitalism and all other such theories were anathema, therefore mechanism was Truth. Loeb was wrong. Mechanism and vitalism are both merely metaphysical doctrines and have no place in science. He was building a shed and roofing it with mechanism. It protected him very well indeed from facts which reacted inimically to his theory but it sheltered him from a larger vision of scientific truth in doing so.

Darwin himself observed that it was very much more difficult for him to give weight to facts which did not support his theories than to those which did. He was candid about his doctrinal tendency yet try as he would he could not be quite fair to Lamarck. He really never was fair to him, the more the irony. Returning to Loeb, there has already been too much effort expended upon the job of seeking to compel biological (and other) facts to obey the laws of some more exact science like chemistry or physics, and it is wasted effort. It represents a desire to acquire prestige by adopting the methods of other more perfect sciences, but the effort is wasted.

It is wasted for this reason. Living matter obeys the laws of living matter, whatever they are, and it is the function of the scientist to find out what they are, not to tattoo metaphysical preconceptions upon phenomena and to express the whole in a manner which resists decoding by any ordinary person of average intelligence. It may actually be true that when a man decides to be a soldier or a pacifist he is reacting physically and chemically to subjective and objective stimuli presented to him as hormones, electrical force or otherwise. But we are not in possession of the facts to demonstrate this. If it be true we have as yet to find it out. The process of finding out will simply be impeded by making metaphysical assumptions in advance and seeking to regiment facts into obedience thereto.

This is true in the case of any scientific investigation. It is true in physics and in chemistry. The newer ideas of physics and chemistry had, nevertheless, to fight for acceptance because they came in the form of facts which impudently battered the roof off of the Truth-shed occupied by hundreds of scientists. This battering on the part of certain advanced investigators deluged down so rapidly that old doctrines could not be adjusted rapidly enough to include new facts. In short the Truth-sheds were demolished and in some cases the scientist was compelled to adopt a duality of doctrines. He now has two sheds and sits nervously between them, catching the drip from both, undecided which to enter and worse off than ever.

Thus the common ,ordinary laws of mechanics which govern moving bodies outside the atom have to be retained there; yet they must be surrendered the moment we enter the atom (in theory) as reconstructed by modern physics for modern chemistry. They simply will not work there. Other laws of mechanics do seem to work, however, so we have to retain both sets at present. In a way this is a fine thing because it so graphically demonstrates the dangers of indoctrination. Whereas the duality actually worries some scientists it should not worry anybody, because there is no higher necessity than the requirements of apparent reality.

But already many physicists and chemists have gone over into the new shed and speak of electrons and protons as if they really existed, whereas they are simply the most useful and convenient hypothetical symbols we can at present construct to account for certain obvious facts. They best fit the facts as we know them; the moment they fail to fit the facts we are under obligation to discard them without benefit of ritual. Too many have become suffused with the doctrine of the newer physics and it is doubtful whether they could be as great as Einstein who, when experiments were performed by others to sustain or to demolish his theories regarding gravitation, said the facts were the final judges. Einstein was actually sustained, but had the verdict been otherwise he would have accepted it cheerfully because reality is always more important than doctrine.

In lay matters and also in the less perfect sciences like sociology we are not content to construct Truth-sheds for ourselves alone; we construct them for other people and then seek gratuitously to demolish them! That is to say we spend our time expatiating how men should act, what human nature should be like or what doctrines other people surely must hold, whether these assumptions be factual or not.

To give a specific instance let us consider a highly intelligent man who recently delivered himself upon the subject of evolution. For five paragraphs out of eight he was tolerant, well informed, objective and strictly rational. But in the next three paragraphs he suddenly erected a purely artificial, pessimistic philosophy of materialism which he held that a belief in evolution must imply in the believer, and then his strong theological bias caused him to conclude severely—these things cannot be for there *is* an oversoul!

Two paragraphs from this deviation into unreality bear direct quotation because they are so typically delicious and so admirably exemplify the romantic non-realism of the intelligent doctrinaire. They are

> "Yet in the meantime the challenge of the consequences still hammers at the integrity of the evidence. Evolution, through the many mouths of its individual specialists, denies God, life after death, the spiritual responsibility of man, the human inhabitability of the universe, and all plan and intent in the cosmic scheme. Essentially it denies the moral law, the aspirations of the spirit, and all hopes, fears and convictions of the human heart.

It asserts the continuance of that which could have had no beginning, a perpetual creation that knows no Creator, an insistent life that has no origin, an ordered plan that is the work of no architect. It is bounded in the past and the future by the confession of supreme ignorance, the while it declares its omniscience. In explanation of the glory of the heavens and the dignity of man it points a path to blind chance, purposeless futility and a final destiny of extinction.

"He who takes a mechanistic evolution for his law must take it whole and be content with all its consequences, or else is he no braver nor wiser than the mystic or mediaevalist. He must deny all things that men have believed and much that he sees and perceives. In gaining dominion over the world he must be content to lose his own soul, he must curse God and die. For Truth grants no compromise and Logic will not be denied, and one or the other must he serve."

The supremely thoughtless audacity of this might lead many to believe that it was composed synthetically. But no; it really was put forward in print by an intellectual in his own periodical. Very well. Yet a belief in evolution does not compel anyone to believe doctrinally that teleology is non-existent, that the beginning of the earth and the end thereof are desolation, that the moral law is rot, that reality must be denied, that life sprang mechanically from non-life, that men shall go down into the pit leaving the universe no better, that the element of divinity does not enter into things mundane nor that he must curse God and die. It is very true, as More has pointed out, that many people do make a dogma of evolution and, as Knight Dunlap has expatiated, believe in it quite as doctrinally or theologically as any Calvinist ever could have believed in predestination.

But aside from such perversities, many people hold to the theory of evolution as stated in a dictionary—i. e. to the extent that complex life sprang naturally from simpler living forms and that through some photosynthetic or other as yet unknown process, life itself originally sprang into being among complex proteins—without for a moment involving themselves in all the elaborate nonsense formulated by the pious gentleman while riding his doctrinal hobby-horse.

For what really does matter here? No one needs to believe any of the things listed or anything else doctrinally. Certain things are either true or they are false. Perhaps most of the facts we have so far ascertained point to the truth, for instance, of the fact that silent desolation began and will end the existence of this planet. If that be the case we must give these facts credence and that is all there is to it. What we would like to believe, oversoul possibilities and superhuman divinities are extraneous. Our duty is merely to face reality in a natural manner; in so doing we do not build doctrines (or Truth-sheds) for ourselves, nor for other people either.

The pious brother presumes a great deal when he presumes that a scientific hypothesis demands that a man lose his soul for holding it. We habitually make such presumptions and label them Truth. We feel very certain of many things about which we know little. We feel quite confident today that each one of us arose to being because a certain ovum coalesced once with a certain gamete to form a certain zygote. We feel rather positive that we comprehend these rudiments of human reproduction and yet it is an actual fact that the inception of this process has never been observed and it probably will not be for years to come. It is a fine, useful theory grounded perfectly in circumstantial evidence, but not yet proved by observation, and that is all we can say.

We cannot even say that this stuff here is iron. We can only say that it conforms to all the tests which proved that other substance there to be iron and that if that is iron this must be. But we must make an inference. We can formulate mathematically the relation between the diameter and the circumference of a circle but, because our instruments lack precision, we can never prove our mathematical theory by observation even after we are in possession of it—nor could we ever have gotten it by observation therefore. It is a purely mathematical concept, of which more might be said, but A. N. Whitehead and Alfred Korzybski have already said it well.

In a larger way we trust what we call the great fundamental laws of the universe and yet as Charles Pierce showed long ago the superstition that there are universal laws has no intrinsic validity. "To suppose universal laws of nature capable of being apprehended by the mind, and yet having no reason for their special forms, but standing inexplicable and irrational, is hardly a justifiable position. Uniformities are precisely the sort of facts that need to be accounted for. Law is *par excellence* the thing that wants a reason."

All experiments show inaccuracies which we are accustomed to blame upon imperfect technique. But there is no reason why we should not blame the laws themselves. We have no guarantee of their absolute uniformity. We could not detect slight differences in them very easily anyway. We may feel relief in the idea that natural laws are regular and free from chance, but we cannot prove their absolute invariability; they are more probably relative. Perhaps they oscillate between two close limits! Who can ever know—and how can it ever be known?

Indeed our accumulation of facts so far points to the conclusion that all of our knowledge is relative and that it is improbable indeed that any absolute plane of reference exists to guarantee the unchanging character of anything in cosmos. Perhaps that is an unpleasant idea? But perhaps it is true! Had we then not better accept the universe as Carlyle insisted on one occasion?

This seems to leave us in a state of suspended judgment which is very uncomfortable for some people. It is uncomfortable in direct ratio to their instinctive tendency to build Truth-sheds and in inverse ratio to their capacity for facing facts unarmed with doctrines. This holds whether they are radicals, liberals or conservatives, for these three are not fundamental classifications at all; they are remarkably superficial.

But to what shall we tie? To observation, to experimentation, to rational doubt, to logic, to the classification of facts, their correlation and co-ordination and to the process of making judgments using facts as criteria. We may tie to an effort to construct a truth by which we may live in this day and generation, not The Truth by which all persons now and forever must live. For just as it is no longer true today that olive oil will cure rickets, as was once seriously held, it is conceivable that it may not be true at some future time that cod liver oil will cure rickets. Certainly some people in the past were just as positive of the remedial value of olive oil as we now are of the remedial value of cod liver oil. Moreover this is quite generally true of our *soi disant* truths if we but stop to consider.

To revert to Charles Pierce who was almost certainly the only fundamental philosopher America ever produced, "The meaning of a concept is to be found in all the conceivable experimental phenomena which the affirmation or denial of the concept could imply." Real phenomena are simply those whose characters are independent of what anybody thinks them to be. "The opinion which is fated to be ultimately agreed to by all who investigate, is what we mean by truth, and the object represented in this opinion is the real."

All that we can hope to do rationally and realistically is to find our truth for this day and age. If we are in-

telligently alert and thoughtful this truth today could not contain such items as witchcraft, possession by demons, phlogiston, phlebotemy, Ptolemaic astronomical concepts, or a God who is the exact replica of an Oriental potentate of negligible ethical standards. But if we are not intellectually alert and do not investigate thoroughly it may include a belief in the existence of fairies, a faith in East Indian Swamis, a conviction that organic disease is a state of mind or a reverence for the sterner tenets of more rabid religious fundamentalism—which, be it said in passing, is not fundamental at all, but is hideously inaccurate indoctrination refusing to recognize the existence of thousands of inimical facts.

Pierce goes rather too far if his "ultimately" in the last sentence quoted carries a connotation of finality. He should say that the opinion which is fated to be agreed upon today by all who investigate impartially is what we mean by truth for this day and this truth is conditioned by the reality of the facts from which we have abstracted it; we can never know whole absolute Truth because we can never know all the facts.

Therefore what was truth for yesterday is not truth for today. What is, in terms of chronology, truth for the man who lives in today is not truth for the man who lives in yesterday, regardless of the fact that both may be of this present generation. That again may be unpleasant, but it must be as it is and we cannot help it.

Again, scientific truth 1929 is not scientific truth 1828 nor will it be scientific truth 2028. To hope so is to hope in vain. The same man who looks at the same test tube containing the same material today often sees things which he could not discern yesterday when his idea of truth was less developed.

Hence if we seek to construct our ideas of scientific truth so that they will be binding in years to come we shall simply be constructing doctrines, which is merely to be metaphysical in quite a theological manner. All that we can ever do is to make a valiant effort to ascertain what is truth for us in this day and generation and to live by that truth, hospitably enlarging it every time a fact pelts the roof or knocks at the door, but cheerfully demolishing it and facing reality to rebuild any time too many new facts come raining down together.

What, if anything, is so fearful about all this? Why do so many people think they must repress their beliefs into static and unchanging forms? There is nothing awful about it. It is perfectly natural. We have so far indoctrinated ourselves that we have utterly forgotten what is natural. We are beings of change, our law is growth and we live in flux.

We never build a home but that we continually subtract from and add to it later. We are never content with our position in the world but always want to change or better it. We even have others tinker with our bodies to remove moles, to render us more comely, to renew our youth. Why should we expect our beliefs to be changeless and forever the same?

It is the natural law of our being to grow. As we grow our physical requirements differ. Exactly the same holds for our mental requirements. It is inevitable that our ideas and our beliefs should change, not abnormal or terrifying. It is nature.

Science then becomes the great master art of all, playing like a musician upon the phenomena of the universe, reaching out ever and weaving new and more harmonious patterns from the quota of facts known at any one time. Truth for us is merely the new combinations of fact which science makes for the age in which we live, as varied from day to day by further scientific progress.

Reviewer's Copy

Swinburne and Melville

By NEWTON ARVIN

IT IS only an accident that Mr. Mumford's book on Melville[1] and Mr. Chew's book on Swinburne[2] should have appeared at about the same time—and only such an accident, perhaps, would have suggested anything but a fanciful parallel between the two men. Both Melville and Swinburne were great tragic writers of the nineteenth century; and there, for all practical purposes, you may say, the similarity ends. Well, to be sure, both men wrote constantly about the sea; and if one chose to elaborate a parallel between the poet of "the great sweet mother" and the author of *Moby Dick*, in this connection, one could engage in less harmless pastimes. On any other count, there is perhaps something slightly comic in the imaginative juxtaposition of the stiff little old man from "The Pines," strutting about Putney Common with an eagle-eye on every perambulator and chucking every possible baby under the chin during his morning walk;—between *that* old man and the aged Melville, moving to and fro among the nondescript drudges of the civil service about the docks of the lower West Side, or lolling, in grim solitude, in a steamer-chair placed at nightfall on the narrow iron balcony of his house on Twenty-sixth Street. The comparison is by no means a necessary one: yet it has struck me, in reading these two books side by side, that there is a curious interest in thinking of the two men together—both so intensely the products of the nineteenth century that we could not imagine them in any other period, both capable of saying "No" to many of the Idola of their age, both envisaging some of the conditions of a religion of the future—and yet so unequally imposing to us today. For I suppose that, little as one might subscribe to the fantastic fashionable denigration of Swinburne as a man of letters, one could hardly deny that his work as a whole has less meaning for us than the so much less "finished" work of Herman Melville. The reason why this is true is perhaps a pointed one.

These two biographies, in different ways, are examples of what can be made, in good hands, of our decade's favorite literary form. Mr. Mumford's book is "modern" biography at its rare and treasurable best. "To produce a mighty volume," said Melville, "you must choose a mighty theme. No great and enduring volume can ever be written upon the flea, though many there be who have tried it." Not even Mr. Mumford could produce a "mighty volume" on one of the fleas of literary history: his subject itself is a whale of a subject, and would force a certain seriousness on

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[1]HERMAN MELVILLE. Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50.

[2]SWINBURNE. Samuel C. Chew. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50.

any man spirited enough to tackle it. But, when that is said, it must at once be added that this is the kind of book that *rises* to the height of a great and difficult argument, that meets an important subject more than half way, that leaves it with a new stateliness and an unsuspected grandeur. To the interpretation of Melville's life and work Mr. Mumford has brought his own vigor of thought, his own richness of scholarship, his own variety and vitality of experience. As compared with Mr. Weaver's book, so indispensable for its information, this book is a rounded and viable whole; as compared with Mr. Freeman's, so just and studious, it is a "mighty volume" rather than a monograph. The phrase is of course unjust to so unpretentious a book, but it should be easy to argue that there are not more than a half-dozen modern biographies which combine, as this does, an illuminating survey of the social and historical background, an intensely imaginative insight into the man's personal life, and a "creative" criticism of his literary performance. Many readers will turn to the book for its narrative momentum and dramatic color; many, for its expert critical summaries and analyses; many, let us hope, for its weighty philosophical content. In any event, it is not likely to prove a merely seasonal phenomenon.

Mr. Chew had not the advantage of so comparatively untouched a subject as Mr. Mumford's; and, at the best, Swinburne would not furnish incitement for biography on the largest scale. He himself, as a critic, very rarely struck a medium between the high-pitched hosanna and the shrieking anathema,—his "damn" was as bracing as his "bless" was ultimately relaxing,—and his biographers and critics have aimed at a perhaps overcorrected moderation. But at least Mr. Chew's sobriety is the genuine article, and his book is, with the possible exception of Mr. Earle Welby's, the best general treatment of Swinburne's work. Biographical facts are reduced to the minimum; little is to be added to Gosse's volume in this respect; and where Gosse is not to be taken as the last word—as in the *manner* with which the thirty years at The Pines are handled—Mr. Chew is independent and notably fair. His contribution is not to the facts, but to the critical estimate of the man; and here he has added much to what his predecessors have done—tracing the process by which Swinburne moved on from the influence of Morris and Rossetti to his own mature synthesis of the deeper and more real influence on him of Landor, Hugo, and Mazzini, from the eroticism and pagan negation of "Atalanta" and "Poems and Ballads" to the affirmative idealism and pantheistic humanism of "Songs Before Sunrise" and "Erectheus"; showing the reasons for the superiority of his "Tristram" over Arnold's and Tennyson's treatments; analyzing the power and explaining the essential second-rateness of the Mary Stuart tragedies; and summing up the best and the worst that is to be said for Swinburne as a literary critic. It is doubtful whether any serious divergence from Mr. Chew's estimates will be made for some time, except by readers and critics who are so revolted by Swinburne's noxious effect on minor poets that they cannot think of him serenely.

Once we have got over our impatience with Swinburne at his worst, once we have achieved a charitable forgetfulness of "the lilies and languors of virtue, the raptures and roses of vice," once we have resigned to his meretricious imitators his beautiful evil heroines, his more metallic assonances and his windier imagery, his redundance and his baby-worship and his senile jingoism—once we have done this it would be possible to see that, on his own level, he was a "philosophical" poet to be taken quite as seriously as his supposedly greater contemporaries, Tennyson and Browning, and not much less seriously than Matthew Arnold. Like Arnold and Tennyson, and unlike Browning, he was sensitive enough to the spiritual climate of his age to see how easy it was for the modern mind to be paralyzed by faithlessness and despair; he did battle with Teufelsdröckh's enemy, the Everlasting No; he listened to the *"Geist der stets verneint";* he had his bout with the "malady of the century." "From too much love of living he could rejoice at being set free; and he defied the Creator of a world in which pain and evil overbalance joy and good:

> *The lord of love and loathing and of strife*
> *Who gives a star and takes a sun away; . . .*
> *The supreme evil, God . . .*
> *All we are against thee, against thee, O God*
> *Most high.*

But Swinburne, who wrote thus in his twenties, did not stop with negation; and, whatever his "centre of indifference" may have been, he did not stay there long; "tempest and calm," he himself said, "you may put to use: but hardly a flat fog"; and he passed on to affirmations that, unlike Browning's, have a real relation to the thought of his time, and, perhaps superior to Arnold's, take the necessary step beyond resignation and modest expectancy. This is not the place to outline them: whoever has read or takes the trouble to read "Hesperia," "Hertha," "The Hymn to Man," and "The Pilgrims" knows in what proportion he combined a secular idealism, a pantheistic hopefulness, and a romantic humanism. We may smile condescendingly when we read the lines in "The Commonweal"—

> *What Newton's might could not make clear*
> *Hath Darwin's might not made?*

but we should be imaginative enough to remember that a poet must make what he can of the intellectual materials accessible to him. Who has yet played Darwin to our own Newton?

Such as it was, Swinburne did achieve a well-defined positive philosophy; and, if that were the whole story, we should doubtless read him to better advantage than Melville. For Melville not only listened to the *"Geist der stets verneint,"* but he listened more steadily than Swinburne did. "All men who say yes, lie," he wrote to Hawthorne; "and all men who say No,—why, they are in the happy condition of judicious unencumbered

travellers in Europe; they cross the frontiers into Eternity, with nothing but a carpet-bag,—that is to say, the Ego. Whereas, those *yes*-gentry, they travel with heaps of baggage and damn them! they will never get through the Custom House." *Moby Dick* is a bleaker book than *Atalanta;* and I should gather from what Mr. Mumford says of *Pierre* and *The Confidence Man* that in them Melville goes as far as Swift, in one direction, and as far as Hardy, in another. Yet at the end of his life he was able to use honestly the phrase, "although neither pessimist nor optimist myself": and Mr. Mumford represents him, with complete cogency, as having won through to a not merely negative calm—indeed, to a stout, weathered, sun-streaked, almost Chaucerian positiveness that is as good to think of as Whitman's. It would not be easy to state at length the intellectual ingredients of that late mood; in fact, Mr. Mumford shows that it was not very fully or explicitly defined. But it is something to put heart into the dreariest of us, and that because Melville was the author of *Moby Dick.* In a sense of which it cannot be said of Swinburne, he had begun again at the beginning.

For, whatever we may think of Swinburne's affirmations, we have to remember that he had never had to cut away the ground from under his feet: he might "deny" as vehemently as Schopenhauer, but he was a thorough European by inheritance, and, at the very worst, he could nourish his imaginative life at the rich sources of European legend, myth, and cultural synthesis; in a word, he could believe in the Round Table. He did not have to begin at the very beginning; he did not have to break, more than formally, with the past; and indeed, as everyone knows, the materials of his lyrics and narratives and of his tragedies—the symbols for his experience—are the common materials of European literature. Meleager, Praxithea, Tristram, Mary Stuart, Marino Faliero—these are his heroes and heroines; and it is quite strictly on the connotations of all these names that the poetic richness of his work depends. What would Swinburne have been without Greek and Italian literature? And how can we today fail to feel that the leading note of his poetry is a complex and noble reminiscence? Quite justly does Mr. Chew conclude that, with all his anticipations, Swinburne is to be thought of as ending, not beginning, a chapter.

As to Melville, on the other hand, I can do no better than quote a paragraph from Mr. Mumford's brilliant chapter on *Moby Dick*:

> "*Moby-Dick*, then, is one of the first great mythologies to be created in the modern world, created, that is, out of the stuff of that world, its science, its exploration, its terrestrial daring, its concentration upon power and dominion over nature, and not out of ancient symbols, Prometheus, Endymion, Orestes, or mediaeval folk-legends, like Dr. Faustus. *Moby-Dick* lives imaginatively in the newly broken soil of our own life; its symbols, unlike Blake's original but mysterious figures, are direct and explicit: if the story is bedded in facts, the facts themselves are not lost in the further interpretation. *Moby-Dick* thus brings together the two dissevered halves of the modern world and the modern self—its positive, practical, scientific, externalized self, bent on conquest and knowledge, and its imginative, ideal half, bent on the transposition of conflict into art, and power into humanity. This resolution is achieved in *Moby-Dick* itself: it is as if a Shakespeare and a Bacon, or, to use a more local metaphor, as if an Eakins and a Ryder, had collaborated on a single work of art, with a heightening of their several powers. The best handbook on whaling is also—I say this scrupulously—the best tragic epic of modern times and one of the finest poetic works of all time."

It is on this account—because, let us say, Melville could outdo *Atalanta in Calydon* without going beyond his experience as a nineteenth-century American—that his work has for us now so wonderful a freshness, so strong a relevance. It is in his direction that the poets of the future will have to move not in Swinburne's. Along with Whitman and Emerson, he is the most important to us of our American writers; and one might well conclude something more momentous than a series of reviews with the following stanza from "The Enthusiast":

Each burning boat in Caesar's rear
Flames—no return through me!
So put the torch to ties though dear,
If ties but tempters be.
Nor cringe if come the night:
Walk through the cloud to meet the pall;
Though light forsake thee, never fall
From fealty to light.

Five Books That Unmask Mars

IN Mr. Wharton's book[1] a squad, eight men, arrives in France, goes to the front, fights, gradually dissolves: four men are killed, one funks and runs away, one mutilates himself to escape the rotten life, one is badly wounded, and one shell-shocked, goes mad. During their first action they lose their "patriotism." Despair grips them. "The soldiers throw arms across faces against the threat of fire." Says Private O'Connors: "We 're caught, roped in an' anything we do we g——n well hafta do." The "glorious advance" continues. The reader feels the constructive presence of the staff who from a safe place maneuver their victims. By error Yanks bomb Yanks. Officers give fool commands. This squad, with others, must go forward. It's orders. "They obey. They crawl forward and attempt to get up off the ground. As each man rises up—ever so slightly—bullets cut off twigs among the bushes and the line clicks casualties. A burst of bullets carries away a jaw. A single bullet glances across a face, wipes out an eye, and crashes out close to the temple. A mass of lead cuts through a chest, and the man goes down with a grunt. . . . Thuck-thuck-thuck-thuck-thuck sound the bullets against the ground and human flesh." "It's dirty, stinking murder, that's what it is," says Corporal Gray. Asks Private O'Connors: "What th' hell's it all about, anyhow? I ain't got nothin' against the' Germans, an' I guess they ain't got nothin' against me. An' yet we're doin' our best to kill each other. Th' trouble's all behind th' lines. It's th' people back home do all th' hatin' an' all the' talkin', an' leave it to us to do th'r g——n fightin'. An' the' only reason any of us do any fightin's becuz we hafta, ain't it?" The shells drop fast. "Timber and mortar slide within the houses and bits of flying metal hum and whine through the air." "Where's God now?" "He ain't home tonight." Right you are, squad. In 1918 militarism is running our world. One by one the squad melts away, and this reviewer, made keener perhaps by memories, can smell the blood and the corpses.

Herr Zweig tells about an illiterate Russian soldier,

[1] SQUAD. James B. Wharton. $2. Coward-McCann.

captured, who escapes from the German prison camp, takes another Russian's name to facilitate his getaway, and thereby, on recapture, is accused of espionage, condemned and sentenced to be shot.[1] Decent Germans try to save him, but are overridden by the monstrous machine and its creatures, and the Russian is executed. The men having immediate custody of the simple-hearted fellow can't be relied on to shoot him, so others are found, twenty-year old boys brutalized by three years of war. Says their sergeant, Berglechner: "We don't mind potting someone for you, if you give us an extra round of schnapps for it. An N. C. O. and fourteen men, that makes three bottles of schnapps, and one bottle for me makes four. I'll send you fellows with carbines, they'll do it better at a short distance." A small job, shooting this Russky. Sergeant Berglechner mentions lines of gassed corpses that would take him twenty minutes' tram journey to pass through. Grischa has his will drawn up. Mostly a message to his wife: "Tell her that I thought of her to the end, and that I send my blessing to her and my little child, and say good-bye to her in all love and affection. . . . And if she marries again, she's to take a man who won't beat my little girl, or I'll have no peace beneath the earth, and I'll come to help the child and stand by the stove in the twilight as I used to do." Grischa must dig his own grave. He stands by it. To gain a bottle of schnapps, five youngsters shoot him. Drilled by five bullets, the corpse falls in.

Wharton was a U. S. soldier, Zweig a German. *Squad* is a product of staccato America; its sentences "rivet" like its Maxims. *Grischa*, developed in a more leisurely culture, is ornamented with fact and philosophy, but is quite as vital. The soldiers are dominated by a desire to somehow come through all right. There is no hatred for the "enemy." There are no "atrocities," except the continuous slaughter of human beings. Americans, Germans, Russians, all are seen to be victims. All are weary with alcoholic and sexual license, of killing and being killed. They are without religious consolation, which cannot be impressed on their minds. They are fed up with a recurring hope of peace, weak and abortive. The few who stay decent wear the proud air of resignation exemplified in faces in that wonderful painting, "The Kensingtons at Laventie" by a British comrade, Eric Kennington. These tired men envy the dead. "The grave is dark," says Grischa, "but at least it is quiet."

Here are two books for youth, whom Mars tempts with his juggernaut, cruel wheels screened behind gorgeous lies, snapping banners, swanky uniforms, and music. These writers teach one how to analyze the insistent bugle. I remind myself how thoughtlessly the "great call" in April, 1917, was answered. As I read I have qualms of agony; I see young faces carrion these twelve years. Again I'm nineteen years of age, my comrades "tank up," make love, slog through the night, and, at militarism's behest, receive foul wounds and death.

George Jarrboe.

THIS is certainly a bad literary season for persistent patriots and loyal myth-mongers. The three books under review represent a clean-sweep of all that we fought and bled for a little more than a decade ago. We then fondly believed that we were engaged in a great crusade which involved a life and death struggle with a nation of super-gorillas who had conspired against the peace of the world and, in the summer of 1914, had sprung upon their unsuspecting victims in a most shameless fashion. Upon the favorable outcome of our efforts depended not only our very political independence but even the elementary safety of our mothers, sisters, wives and daughters. If we triumphed, war would be abolished, armaments would disappear, international organization would be established and a veritable utopia, based upon justice and freedom, would emerge. The facts which are now at our disposal are ample to demonstrate: (1) that Germany and Austria were far more loath than France and Russia to see a European war launched in July, 1914; (2) that from 1870 to 1914 Germany and England were the leading European powers in the effort to avert a world war; (3) that the United States was inveigled into participating in the war by means of the most extensive, unscrupulous and deliberately framed collection of falsehoods in the history of human perfidy; (4) that we were played for suckers to pull the Entente chestnuts out of the fire; (5) that the "just peace" proved to be the most barbarous example of international vindictiveness in the history of treaty-making; and (6) that, ten years after the war ceased, Europe is much further from peace and good-will than she was in June, 1914. Thus has crumbled the whole edifice of the Woodrovian Epic, the noblest body of world illusion of which history bears any record.

The first scholar to awaken Americans from their dogmatic satisfaction and complacency in accepting the absurd war-time belief in the unique and sinister responsibility of a scheming Germany for the World War, as the culmination of her plot to seize and dominate the planet, was Professor Sidney Bradshaw Fay of Smith College. Using the new German and Austrian documents, he published in the *American Historical Review* for 1920-1921 a series of three articles which proved to the full that neither Germany nor Austria desired a European war in 1914 and that Germany made vigorous diplomatic efforts to prevent it. The Russian and British documents were not available at that time, and the proof of Serbian complicity in the murder of the Archduke had not been revealed. Therefore, the picture could not be complete. These documents just mentioned and other valuable materials have enabled the revisionists to go much further and to show that France and Russia were chiefly responsible for the diplomatic revolution of 1908 to 1914 which made a European war probable in the event of any serious European crisis, and that these two countries were likewise chiefly responsible in 1914 for transforming the Austro-Serbian *impasse* into a war of European dimensions.

Professor Fay has now brought out his finished work,[1] the result of a decade of research and reflection, in two large volumes which are the most important contributions yet published in the field of diplomatic history. The first volume is an invaluable contribution to the diplomatic history of Europe from 1870 to 1914 and disposes for all time of the fiction of a sinister German plot to subdue the world. He concludes that up to 1914 Germany and England stand together as the two chief forces acting to secure the peace and stabilization of Europe. In regard to 1914, while he assigns to Austria chief immediate responsibility for creating the situation which made it possible for the Entente to precipitate the War, he holds the Entente to have been more at fault than the Central Powers (Vol. II, p. 392), and he shows that Germany, far from rejecting all diplomatic efforts to maintain peace, actually stands with England and Italy as the foremost supporter of the diplomatic negotiations (Vol. II, chap. VIII). Indeed, she was the only Great Power which was willing to place one of the Great Alliances in jeopardy to preserve peace. In conclusion, he passes a final condemnation upon the guilt clause of the Treaty of Versailles:

[1] THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA. Arnold Zweig. $2.50. Viking Press.

[1] THE ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR. Sidney Bradshaw Fay. The Macmillan Company, 2 Vols. $9.

One must abandon the dictum of the Versailles Treaty that Germany and her allies were solely responsible. It was a dictum exacted by victors from vanquished, under the influence of the blindness, ignorance, hatred, and the propagandist misconceptions to which war had given rise. It was based upon evidence which was incomplete and not always sound. It is generally recognized by the best historical scholars in all countries to be no longer tenable or defensible.

Professor Fay has thus brought to a triumphant conclusion the great revolution in diplomatic historiography which he initiated a decade ago. It is not likely that any new material will materially affect the general soundness or adequacy of Professor Fay's account of war origins. Professor Fay thus takes his place as the foremost of the revisionists, and his book is as damaging to the salvagers like Pierre Renouvin and Bernadotte Schmitt as it is to the doctrines of the bitter-enders, such as Hazen, Edward Turner, Stearns Davis, Anderson, Headlam-Morley and others.

While it is a far less impressive and extensive work, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby's book[1] is fully as timely and devastating as that of Professor Fay. Indeed, its contents embody striking material less well known to the average reader. Revisionist books on war guilt have appeared in ever larger numbers during the last few years, but, in spite of the valuable books of Demartial, Avenarius, Lasswell, Cooper Willis and others, there has been no systematic work exposing in complete fashion that tremendous tissue of lies embodied in war propaganda, especially the Entente contentions as to the German war of studied and cold-blooded frightfulness. Here we have, at last, as effective a mortuary service rendered for the atrocities tales as Professor Fay has executed in regard to the war guilt lie. Mr. Ponsonby and his associates have executed a most competent and comprehensive compilation, which includes all of the great and characteristic war lies, from such general diplomatic falsifications as Grey's lies about his commitments to France and Serbia's protestations of innocence relative to the murder of the Archduke, to the most minute combing of the atrocities fabrications. There is a relentless exposure of the whole list of the well-known manufactured horrors which caused us to shudder in 1914-1918: cutting the breasts off British nurses in Belgium; wholesale rape of Belgian women and girls; the crucified Canadian soldiers; the shooting of the French boy heroes; the tearing out of the tongues of British soldiers in German prison camps; tattooing cobras on the cheeks of British sailors in German prisons; the German corpse factory; the droves of handless Belgian children who had been mutilated by the Germans; the favorite U-boat recreation of picking off struggling sailors in the water; the bombing of the hospitals and hospital ships; the energy and ubiquity of the Crown Prince in leading personally the looting of palaces and churches; and so on through all the familiar list. Not a single one of the Entente contentions as to unique German savagery can stand up in any sense after submission to the test of fact. Due attention is given to the process of manufacturing propaganda, the falsification of atrocities, photographs and the like. While chief consideration is given to the Entente lies, the lies of the Central Powers are examined and classified. Ponsonby has thus at last compensated for James Bryce's betrayal of American confidence in signing the Bryce Report on Belgian atrocities, and one of the most shameful aspects of a great tragedy is finally laid open for public inspection and condemnation.

Professor Fay and Mr. Ponsonby have robbed us of two of our most cherished illusions; the unique guilt of Germany in causing the World War and the conception that we fought in behalf of pure and straightforward idealism against a race of wolves and vultures; M. Alcide Ebray, a noble and distinguished French scholar, publicist and diplomat, has snatched away the last of our war-time convictions, namely, that the War would be followed by a peace of justice and fair-dealing which would put an end to all war among men. M. Ebray, with calm and penetrating analysis,[1] proves amply that the Treaties of Versailles, St. Germain and Trianon were not only among the most notorious examples of human vindictiveness in history, but also that they violated and betrayed in every particular the "war-aims" of Mr. Wilson and the Entente Powers. Even worse, since 1920 the Entente has brazenly violated the terms of these very treaties with as little concern for "scraps of paper" as Germany is alleged to have shown in 1914 in regard to the treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality. In short, we Americans were as grossly deceived about the real nature of the peace treaties as we were with respect to the causes of the World War and the methods pursued during its course.

These three books are then, indeed ,a forceful exhibit for pacifism. They shatter every last lingering shred of the war-time Epic to which we pinned our faith. All our faith, hopes and sacrifices of the War period are proved to have been unsound at core and to have failed utterly in realizing a better state of world society. In the place of the situation in 1914 when Germany possessed merely the best trained and most effective army among enemies far more extensively armed, we now have a situation where France and her allies overpower their potential enemies by a ratio of about exactly forty to one. Such was the outcome of England's effort to preserve the balance of power! Instead of a war to end war we have the Entente Powers (except Russia) spending far more for armaments in 1925 than in 1913. Instead of an Austro-Serbian *impasse* we have a dozen such potential seats of danger. There is no hope unless a growing knowledge on the part of the common people in Entente countries regarding the great deception to which they were subjected by their leaders evokes a sufficient wave of righteous indignation so that they will rise up and effect a complete transformation of the vicious work of the war-mongers and of the "peace-makers" of Versailles. It is in their potential contribution to such a result as this that books of this sort find their chief utility and vindication.

Harry Elmer Barnes.

1FALSEHOODS IN WAR-TIME. Arthur Ponsonby. Dutton. $2.

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT PEACE. Alcide Ebray. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.25.

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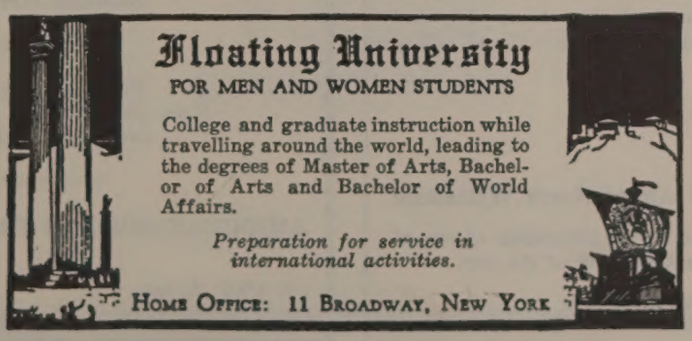
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